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The English Review

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CURRENT COMMENTS

January 1937

The Virtues of Monarchy

WITH the New Year we start a new reign : it may well be that we start a new era. The prevailing immediate sensation which followed the outcome of the unhappy storms which beset the monarchy in early December was one of relief. Longer consideration can suggest some other considerations of a more permanent character. In the first place it is being widely suggested that the creed of Republicanism will gather strength as a result of recent happenings. To some extent that is of course true, for those whose minds were already actuated by Republican sentiments, will naturally derive encouragement from the spectacle of abdication of even an uncrowned King. But the logic of the events has really quite a different story to tell. The fact which really emerges from the swift and bloodless solution of our Constitutional difficulties is the great and inherent advantage of an hereditary monarchy over other forms of Government. For in the nature of things the succession in a system of hereditary monarchy is provided for. It would be far otherwise with other forms of Government. The Duke of Windsor, for various reasons into which it is not now necessary to enter, felt himself unfitted for the burden of Kingship : the result was that he abdicated his Throne and joined the Nation in according a hearty God-speed to his brother and successor. It must have been far otherwise in case of a Republic or Dictator-

ship: and Mr. Maxton and his friends might well ponder whether in the present state of the world a Republic is not likely to be the surest path to a personal Dictatorship. It is difficult to conceive that a Republic, with no traditions to enforce it, could long survive the fate so often reserved for them. It is, of course, very unlikely that a personal Dictator would ever consider himself unfitted for the burden of Kingship. But it is by no means unlikely that with the passing of laborious years he might in fact become so. If he did become so, who is to tell him? And if he must abdicate, who is to succeed him? One thing is certain: these questions could not be resolved with the unanimity which was accorded to the ascent of King George VI to the Imperial Throne. It is in fact very doubtful whether in any other system or in any other country an issue so grave and fraught with such immense possibilities of peril could have been susceptible of a Constitutional and peaceful solution.

The Empire Stands Fast

THAT is the first point which emerges from our late difficulties. The spectacle of an Empire united in support of the new King: the memory of the previous monarch, of his refusal to allow the formation of a King's Party, and his generous good-will to his successor: the fact that through the length and breadth of an Empire which extends over a quarter of the globe, not one drop of blood had to be paid as the price of our emergence from difficulties as vast in scope as they were unparalleled in complication. The whole drama was played out against a background of unsettled world conditions which greatly added to the burden that had to be borne by the actors. But the climax, so happily and so successfully reached, fills the world stage: the miracle of its fulfillment has filled the world with admiration. Once again the testing time has revealed Nation and Empire as being strong in unity. The bonds light as air are still as strong as the links in a chain of iron.

Complacency and the Appearance of Power

IN this respect therefore great good has come from what at the first impact looked like unrelieved and unmitigated

evil. In another direction, too, great good may come of the lamentable events of those few days. There is a tendency in this country to suffer from the disease of complacency: there is in some quarters a singular unawareness of the requirements demanded of us if we are to retain that proud position in the world which our ancestors won for us. It is this complacency and this lack of awareness which has given rise to the impression, undoubtedly current in some quarters, that this country is the decadent and surfeited tenant at sufferance of a quarter of the globe. This impression is wrong. But even the fact that it exists, however mistakenly, may bring great danger in its wake. It is not enough that this country should be strong: it is of no less importance that it should appear to be so. The appearance of strength is not easily compatible with the appearance of complacency and unawareness. For this reason it is essential that this complacency and unawareness should no longer continue to handicap the British people. Any shock to this complacency, however violent in its incident and however unwelcome in its content, cannot therefore be regretted. For, viewed from this angle, it must do good. It must bring home to the minds of the British people that we live in an age when public events happen with lightning rapidity. Whether or not we have an active share in moulding those events, no one can contract out of the consequences and the liabilities that may be inherent in them. In December the event was abdication: at another date it might be something even worse. And to be able to keep at bay the worst possibilities that threaten us, the British people must be alert and animated by national consciousness. If the uneasy events which preceded the reign have indeed fired the people with a more distinct national temper, then the new reign may indeed be the prelude to a more assured, a more spacious, and a more splendid future.

Mr. Baldwin at his Best

THE crisis was not resolved without great personal effort on the part of many people. First amongst these was the Prime Minister. Mr. Baldwin displayed in the crisis a soundness of instinct, a trust in the instinct of the

people, and a restraint which deserve and have received very high praise. It is this last quality which has always been incomprehensible to that hysterical minority which is so powerful politically. It may very well be in the light of events that Mr. Baldwin's reason for retaining the Premiership was his anticipation of some crisis such as this : certain it is that few if any people could have discharged the grave and complex duties which it laid upon him with as great a measure of success. It may also be useful for the Left Wing intelligentsia to realize that there are occasions on which a man's lips may properly be sealed. The *English Review* has not always found itself in agreement with Mr. Baldwin's interpretation of Conservatism. It is therefore all the more pleasant to be able to accord unqualified praise to his handling of the situation of December.

The Voice of the People

EQUALLY praiseworthy was the restraint shown by the great majorty of the Socialist party. There was very little effort amongst them and none amongst their responsible leaders, to make political or party capital out of the unhappy situation which arose. In this course the Socialist party was not of course guided by its Left Wing bourgeois intelligentsia. Mr. Bernard Shaw, Sir Stafford Cripps and others, who take a low view of monarchy, were naturally "for the King," as they termed it, because this was the best way of sapping the strength of the monarchy. But in this they were not followed—and indeed they very rarely are followed—by the great mass of the Trade Union Movement. The great body of organized labour, as has been repeatedly emphasized in the *English Review*, is instinctively sound, patriotic, Conservative and National. Their attitude in this case was just another instance of their possession of these qualities. Against the solid front of such qualities, the attacks, the sapping and mining, of the Left Wing theorists operate in vain. This fact is immensely encouraging to those who, like the *English Review*, believe in and advocate the extension of the National basis of a National Party to include these elements. It is the surest bulwark against revolution : it is a prime condition of National survival.

And Coffee-House Babble

NOT all the politicians unfortunately did as well. Nor was it only Left Wing theorists who found the temptation to fish in troubled waters too powerful to be resisted. There was a very curious political line-up of people hostile or suspicious of Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Winston Churchill Colonel Wedgwood, Sir Oswald Mosley, Mr. Harry Pollitt, The Marquis of Donegall, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Lady Houston: these were just some of the strange bedfellows whom adversity collected. At one time, that is to say on Saturday and Sunday 5th and 6th December, the situation looked superficially as if it might harden into one of National conflict and consequent disaster. Nor was the situation improved by the attitude of some of the popular daily Press. However well-meaning they may be and no doubt generally are, they are the victims of the circumstances which they themselves have created: the necessity for providing daily sensations with which to tickle the palate of a jaded public is not the method most conducive to quiet and considered judgment. The situation then at that time was fraught with a possibility of conflict, which for the bitterness of its consequences could not have been paralleled in 300 years of English history. Nor were there wanting those whose unsoundness of instinct led them to aggravate that position. They were people who in Dr. Johnson's memorable phrase mistook the babble of a London coffee house for the voice of the people. In the country and the constituencies the week-end went to show that the instinct of the people was sound: that much those who aspire to lead the people or serve the State should know of their own instinct. It was this sound instinct of the British people and the Duke of Windsor's very proper refusal to allow these elements to constitute themselves into what they no doubt would have considered "a King's Party", which saved the situation.

Mr. Churchill's Failure

WHAT of these politicians who failed so lamentably in the first business of statesmanship, that of judgment? Mr. Churchill's judgment and sense of the feeling of the

people are notoriously not of the same high quality as his great abilities. Mr. Churchill, who still wears the official label of Conservatism, but who seems in fact to be an advocate of some sort of a British Popular Front, had already alienated the good-will of the Right Wing by his advocacy of an international force to sustain what Sir Edward Grigg has described as the rigour of the Covenant. This aspect of Mr. Churchill's activities will be critically analysed by Mr. Douglas Jerrold in next month's issue of the *English Review*. But it seems as if the unsoundness of judgment displayed by him in the late crisis may well be not without its effect on the causes which he has chosen to sponsor. In the House of Commons he was shouted at from every corner, and was not exempt from the hostility of his lately found friends in the Socialist Party. However, if Mr. Churchill's political collapse carried with it the collapse of the ill-conceived project for a popular front, and makes for the more ready realization as to who stands where in politics, there will be a measure of compensation for the eclipse of one whose brilliant qualities have brightened over thirty years of English political life.

Fascist Principles and Conduct

WHAT of Sir Oswald Mosley and his Fascists? Their complaint that they do not have a fair press in this country does not extend to the *English Review*, which has always been able to see their virtues as well as their limitations. First amongst their limitations has always been their imitativeness of foreign models. No doubt it is desirable in this country to find the English interpretation of that movement of common zeal for the corporate welfare which in various forms is sweeping the world to-day. But for England that form must be English, quarried in the traditions of England and appealing to sentiments basically English. There were not wanting signs that Sir Oswald Mosley and his advisers were not sufficiently seized of this fundamental truth. If Fascist principles mean anything they mean the elevation at any cost of duty above personal consideration whatever they may be. This being so, the reaction of a Fascist leader to the late events should have conformed with those principles. Instead the ordinary

Englishman formed the view that the Fascists were willing to sacrifice these principles for what they thought would be political advantage. Like Mr. Churchill, Sir Oswald Mosley and his advisers made the great mistake of keeping their eyes on London instead of on the country. Public opinion in London is hard to discern because of the eagerness with which vocal and irresponsible elements put forward their point of view. The instinct of statesmanship can discern the true feeling of the country beneath such coffee-house babble as that. The Fascists have apparently failed so to do, and have taken a very nasty toss in consequence. Their position is made the worse by reports in the press of Fascist demonstrations in favour of the Duke of Windsor on the evening of 10th December after his abdication had been announced. If this be true, it was faction indeed, which will not readily be forgiven by the British people. I do not think that very much more politically will be heard of Mr. Churchill. It would be premature to say the same of Sir Oswald Mosley, who is a man of great vigour and rhetorical accomplishment. But what does seem to be sadly lacking at the headquarters of the Fascists is somebody with the sleepwalker's instinctive sureness of touch, which characterized every step of Herr Hitler's patient ascent to power in Germany.

The King's Friends

THERE is just one other aspect of the late difficulties which demands a word. A long experience of constitutional monarchy has rather blinded this country to the influence which can still be exerted for good or for ill by the King's immediate circle in this country. Historically the King's Friends, as they used to be known, have on occasion tendered unwise advice to their Sovereign which has reacted unfavourably upon his relations with his subjects. On the whole, however, this has not been so, and it may fairly be presumed that during the long years when the public as a whole do not hear of the activities of the King's Friends, those activities are devoted to the welfare of Sovereign and people alike. In the case of King Edward VIII this was unhappily not altogether the case. The

Primate found it to be necessary to comment adversely on the attitude of several of these people. It may be assumed in the case of King George VI that those who are close to the Royal person will be close also to an appreciation of the Englishman's mentality and his conception of Kingship. For any future monarch, who might be tempted to overlook the importance of this matter, its share in contributing to the failure of his predecessor will be writ large in the pages of the country's history.

Conservatives and National Unity

THE political consequences of the events of December is to enhance the burden of responsibility thrown upon the Conservative Party in public affairs. From them must be expected an interpretation of the nation's attitude : to them it will fall to give leadership to the people. One thing that I hope will happen in the course of 1937 is that we shall attain at any rate a nearer approach to the broader conception of National Unity referred to above. This National Unity, which would embrace organized labour and organized industry is of vastly greater importance than the purely political conception of National Unity, which depends upon having a few Liberal representatives and National Labour representatives in the Cabinet. Critics of this political form of National Unity draw attention to the loss to the Government of the Greenock seat, happening as it did contemporaneously with the victory of a Conservative in adverse circumstances at Preston. However this may be, this political combination does not give that amount of unity in the country which we should like to see. This can be achieved only by a cultivation of that determination to challenge the Socialist hold on the Trade Unions, which was so enthusiastically applauded at the Margate Conference and which was advocated in the November issue of the *English Review*.

Sir Edward Grigg and Foreign Policy

BOUND up with this question of National Unity and strength, and equally important with it is the definition of our international obligations. It is to be hoped that those

responsible for this have made a careful study of Sir Edward Grigg's fine book *The Faith of an Englishman.** Sir Edward Grigg has long been known as a man whose instinctive judgment and accumulated experience entitle his views to the highest respect. Sir Edward writes: "If then I am asked whether I set the security and development of the British Commonwealth above the pursuit of universal peace, I answer without hesitation, 'yes'. The safeguarding and development of a Commonwealth dedicated to the principle of self-government, which comprises a quarter of the human race, seems to me incomparably more important than the prevention of war in all parts of the earth. The one is a constructive purpose, the other purely negative; and while we can pursue the former without challenging other great nations, we cannot pursue the latter without, at some time, forcing an appeal to force." In an admirable chapter entitled "The Rigour of the Covenant" Sir Edward shows that if we equate our obligations to the League with the maintenance of the status quo, we shall inevitably be forced into a disastrous war, totally opposed to national interest. Sir Edward is not an isolationist; he is an Imperialist, who always bears in the fore-front of his mind the realization that we are the centre of a unique system, which extends to all the corners of the earth. But as between limited and unlimited liability, he comes down, as every Nationalist must, unhesitatingly, on the side of limited liability. It is greatly to be hoped that the views which he here expresses will be taken to heart by the Foreign Secretary. 1937 must be a year of decision in our foreign policy. It is earnestly to be hoped that there will be no further capitulation to the Left Wing idea of a doctrinaire League of Nations, politically Left Wing and entirely anti-revisionist. In such an association this country could play no part. It will be to the lasting benefit not only of the people of this country but of the peace of the world if our policy for 1937 is directed to the dual end of making our equipment so strong as to ensure peace for ourselves, and to cultivating with neighbouring nations friendly relations unvitiated by the desire for doctrinaire political interference.

* "The Faith of an Englishman" by Sir Edward Grigg, M.P. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.)

Agricultural Notes

By Rusticus

SINCE I last wrote the work on the farm has consisted chiefly of ploughing. After a bad start that kept most of the winter wheat out, I am now well ahead. I am very fond of late November and December. As I write, the prevailing tone of the countryside is brown, which shows itself in infinite variety from the darkness of the woodland background to the sienna tints of the freshly ploughed furrows. The only relief is the rich green of the roots and the deep purple of this winter's hawthorn. Colour, too, has an added charm when you are really familiar with a stretch of cultivated landscape. Each variation means a subtle change of tilth and a diversity of work for the coming year. Then again I like to see my ewes and lambs penned over the roots. Actually mine are working over a field of rape at the moment, with a thinning of swedes at the top end. Their track is marked out in great squares of clammy desolation that fill the heart with expectancy for next summer's crop. How I reproach myself that I had so little faith in the dark years as to change over to grassland sheep and to think that artificial manures were a substitute. When the plough later rips into that well mucked path it will turn up a seed bed fit to grow a crop and I know no other way to farm the upland arable country.

* * *

I am very pleased with my ewe lambs. They are very well grown and have just gone to the ram. I don't think really that we ought to breed from our lambs, but there seems to be no alternative in these hard times. A farmer near me has a flock of Oxford Down and always puts a Southdown ram to the ewe lambs. He believes that the smaller lamb is not so much strain on the immature ewe, and there is a sufficient similarity of breed to overcome any unsatisfactory results due to the prepotency of the initial conception. Moreover, he produces a very pretty cross not far removed from this year's winning pen at Smithfield.

They were a Southdown-Hampshire cross and three very pretty sheep.

* * *

During the last month I have been down in Sussex. I was very interested to see three or four bulls successfully tethered in a field on the farm of a well-known agriculturalist in that county. Fresh air and exercise for the bull presents a real problem on most farms. Usually a right of way prevents the animals being turned out to grass and nowadays labour is too precious to spare a man's time to give walking exercise. Again, the storebreeder may have a stockman with a few idle moments, but the milk producer has his head man occupied all day with the paraphernalia of accredited schemes and the other milkers have to do the odd jobs that in other days were the whole-time work of the day labourers. I know that in my case the stock bull, or bulls as the case may be, have a pretty poor time. In the summer they get a bit of fresh grass that may be cut off an odd corner and for exercise they have to content themselves with a small yard. A bull that can get out in natural surroundings I am sure keeps in better humour and works better. All this leads one to suggest that tethering a bull is a good solution, but the problem is to find a good tether. I don't fancy some of the ramshackle contraptions that are to be seen abroad. The method I saw consisted of two movable concrete blocks connected by a wire hawser some fifty feet long. The bulls were chained on to the hawser by a short chain to the nose-ring and had full movement up and down its length. The blocks were light enough to move, but heavy enough to put an unpleasant strain on the nostrils of the luckless bull if he exerted much pressure. As far as I could see the animals looked very contented, and it appeared to my slender legal knowledge to be a good circumvention of the right of way nuisance.

* * *

All the pleasantness of farming is lost in the unpleasantness of politics and economics. However, politics are very

necessary, and at the moment I am much perturbed about the report of the Milk Reorganization Commission which has just been published. Moreover, far from giving assistance to the Government it has only added to its embarrassment. Although no official statements have been made I am led to understand that the report is not what the late Minister of Agriculture intended, and the new Minister is faced with a real problem. He cannot act upon it, but any withdrawal from its findings will appear as neglect of the consumer's point of view. The matter has assumed a political proportion. The outburst of the National Farmers' Union which has been thought premature and ill-considered in some quarters is in my opinion justified. It is more honest to admit a mistake than to feign a gradual conversion to its existence for diplomatic reasons. A spurious broad-mindedness could not avail the N.F.U. in their defence of vital agricultural interests and a plain statement of their attitude is the only possible course where it can be assumed that the Government will not make up its mind on principle but will compromise after the various interests have made their views clear. Little as I like control by a vested interest, I think producer control is essential for agriculture failing control by a principled authority. Consumer control would merely sacrifice reality to sentiment. The proposal to empower a Commission to control the milk supplies of the country might or might not prove to be "bureaucracy run mad" as the N.F.U. has suggested, but it certainly is an irresponsible method of Government. Commissions are biased and the bias of this new Milk Commission would be a matter of chance. Impartiality cannot be cultivated by capricious selection. Impartiality is a hardly achieved human attribute and one that is not always prominent in government bodies.

Government by committee either means domination by one or more members of the committee or compromise on every vital issue to suit the political complexion of the committee's personnel. There is no better example of this than the Commission that has just reported. I understand that Mr. Elliot chose its members in order to create an impression of appreciation for the consumer's point of view.

In fact, Sir John Orr and Professor Ashby, both "intellectuals", appear to have dominated the proceedings. The public is left wondering what part the other three members played as the report reads more like the common form of address it is wont to expect from the two above-mentioned gentlemen and their "scientific" friends. This is not meant unkindly or in a depreciatory sense, but merely to point out the "scientific" and humanitarian bias of the report which is significantly greeted in some quarters as a triumph for "planned economy."

The report itself is a long drawn out Fabian document. The crucial point is the discouragement of milk production in what are termed uneconomic areas. No one will take exception to that in theory, but it would be more apposite to ask for encouragement of some other branch of farming suitable for those areas. This responsibility of the Government to provide an alternative is actually mentioned, but only in such passing terms as to create the impression that failing corrective measures the producers' misfortune is to be the consumers' gain. This attitude is, indeed, irresponsible in view of the fact that milk production has ceased to be a public service as has always been the case and has now become a farming practice. The position of milk is analogous to that of sugar beet—a poor substitute, but a means of survival for many acres and many men. This leads to the main thesis that producer control should be abandoned. If any self-interest is to prevail, as I have already written, that of the producer is preferable as being the less likely to injure the land. There is always a danger that the consumers' interest in cheapness will encourage prairie production to the detriment of the balance of agriculture necessary to each district. As far as milk production is concerned I could not willingly submit to any authority that was not aware of these transcendent considerations. Under such an authority I should be prepared to co-operate in substituting milk production for some more worthy form of agriculture.

However, this is only one of many instances when it is important to remember that it is only the artificial nature of our society that leads us to forget that every producer is

a consumer and vice-versa and I always hope that the interests of agriculture will prevail over less real political considerations.

Signs of Statesmanship

By Piers Clerk

No reasonable person would expect the Minister of Health to have a clear idea of the meaning of the word health or to know how a healthy nation may be grown, for he must be a politician to whom " succeeding " means a photograph in the *Daily Herald* (net sale over 2,000,000) and an inch or two daily in *The Times*.

There is considerable competition in the politicians' trade and each competitor must please rather than improve his public. He is obliged in particular to please those through whose generous financial aid the mob is persuaded to express its free will in favour of the competitor and his faction. He is predisposed to avoid offending powerful people, however much their activities may damage the health of the nation.

Politicians must :

" Smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel ;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following."

When, therefore, the Minister of Health assures us that we are all healthy with our false teeth, spectacles, bottles of medicine, nervous breakdowns and missing parts, we should neither believe him nor blame him for his mistake. If we were less susceptible to flattery he would not tell us so.

While we look to the House of Commons for politics, we must look to the House of Lords for statesmanship.

On November 4 *The Times* printed a letter on our national physique from Lord Dawson of Penn, which when compared with the speeches of the Minister of Health, gives us an instance of statesmanship in contrast to politics and explains the difference between National Health and national health.

Of the advertised Ministerial campaign to improve the national physique (a strange necessity after seventeen years of the Ministry of Health) Lord Dawson wrote that it " must

comprehend the whole field of health and fitness if it is to avoid the danger of being obscured by a façade of playing fields and swimming pools."

He pointed out that " Whereas formerly weaklings in body and mind sank to a low economic level, lived precariously, and were prone to elimination by disease (e.g. tuberculosis), to-day, through our social services, they receive maintenance and increasing protection. . . .

" Further, these weaklings, through their higher survival rate, propagate often, to the disadvantage of the race."

This fine passage followed :

" If the best in body and mind get to the front, there will arise a group of leaders of youth who will determine standards and values to the advantage of the nation, economically and racially ; from these standards and values, and the tastes deriving therefrom, will result a process of unconscious selective mating which will make for fit progeny. Social and educational services ought to be more selective, pushing forward the better and the best, while securing for simpler folk training suitable for their simpler spheres of usefulness. . . . Let us beware lest in our desire to be kind to the weaker brethren of to-day we are not more than unkind to all the brethren of to-morrow."

After pointing out that the birth rate has declined by 54 per cent. since 1880, and attributing this largely to the practice of contraception, he wrote :

" In some instances families are too small for the health of the mother, the happiness of the family and the health of the nation. Fit citizens should more than replenish their own places and compensate for the childless and the weedy. . . . The burden of taxation, national and local, immediate and prospective, is, I suggest, a deterrent of parenthood."

Lord Dawson's letter was followed by a debate in the House of Lords on November 10, in which Lord Mount Temple stated that the young people of Germany, Italy and Sweden are " infinitely better equipped for the battle of life by physical health than they are in this country . . . . In 1935, 47 per cent of the men wishing to enter the Army had to be turned down because they were not physically fit, and we all know that the standard of physical fitness for the

Army is not very high .... While doing a great deal more than most nations in respect of book-learning and cramming the brain with matters which probably are of no use in after life, we pay no attention to the physique of our young people, male or female, after they leave school."

He urged that girls should not be allowed to finish their school course until they know how to cook.

He went on to refer to a land, which he called Ruritania (possibly for fear of the Gadarene swine), where "every young man between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one is compelled to join a labour unit for a period of six months," and where "before the present régime came into office there were 200,000 young men who voluntarily, absolutely without compulsion, served in these labour units ... because they were told by their leaders that it was a fine thing to do something for your country and not do everything for yourself."

These are not vote-catching manifestos. They are not "practical politics" in the sense which prevails in the House of Commons.

They are not the stuff of which careers are made. On the contrary, they are signs of statesmanship.

The young men of England have unfortunately been brought up to believe that all blessings flow from the anonymous dictatorship referred to sometimes as the State and sometimes as democracy. If they are degenerate, idle or foolish enough to be unhealthy, then they want State-medicine.

They have learned also to express their ego and believe in liberty. What they want liberty for, no one knows, for it means no more than the power to do wrong, and the multitude of pastimes and general tone of boredom show that they have nothing very important to do in their leisure.

The best of the generation which should be their guide are missing. The worst and a few others, most of whom were burned out in their prime, survive.

The Cabinet's generation is grown old. The King's generation is largely demoralised. Youth without authority, without a faith, is unlikely to cultivate health.

But there is more than this to be overcome Mr. Ludovici pointed out in 1915:

"It was a matter of making trade, commercialism, factories, capitalism and general shop-keeping, as we now know them, paramount and triumphant. To effect this change, however, it was essential that legions among the population of the British Isles should be depressed, reduced in body and spirit, rendered pusillanimous, weak, servile, anæmic, asexual, in fact sick." (*Defence of Aristocracy*, p. 172).

Would that no Minister of Health could be appointed who does not know that passage and the following page by heart!

Is it not true that "It was necessary to have a vast army of willing slaves who would . . . actually reach the topmost wave of their being, so to speak, in balancing themselves all day long, like stylite saints, upon office stools, in turning over the leaves of ledgers, invoice books and registers, or in manipulating the lever of a punching, a cutting, a rolling or a rocking machine"?

Why should we be healthy? We are told that the body does not matter by one set of instructors, and by another that the State should provide.

It has been carefully impressed upon us that errors of exuberance are worse than errors of docility.

We are paid for existing if we are sufficiently unhealthy. If we are healthy our health is taxed.

For these reasons we must look for something more than "a façade of playing fields and swimming pools" if the physique of the nation is to be improved. The ideas and values of the people are designed for national decay, as those of Germany are designed for national regeneration.

Occupational Clubs for the Unemployed

By S. P. B. Mais

THAT the unemployed, who are not unnaturally suspicious of everyone and everything, should fight shy of occupational clubs, is not surprising.

That the general public should know so little about them can only be put down to the fact that they are either insensitive to the problems of their less lucky fellow countrymen or so sensitive that they cannot bear to look into them.

The first alternative seems the more likely in view of the fact that when 5,829 British manufacturers were asked by the Commissioner to reply to a questionnaire about the possibility of developing their own industry in the special areas 4,066 did not even trouble to reply.

That is presumably a fair indication of the general lack of interest. Four-fifths of the British people are not concerned with unemployment and do not propose to be concerned with it.

They leave it to the politicians to solve the problem of unemployment, as they leave it to doctors to find a cure for cancer. In their hearts they don't believe that there is a cure for either. They only hope that neither will come their way.

They leave it to the social workers to provide palliatives for the unemployed, as they leave it to the ambulance men to look after the victims of a motor smash.

And yet most of us are occasionally visited by qualms when we watch a man bleeding to death because we have failed to assimilate the elementary principles of first aid. Most of us feel a little ashamed that we cannot make the lot of the unemployed a little more bearable. We even attempt to salve our consciences by gifts of old clothes, that in any case wouldn't fetch any money from a rag and bone man, or by money when an appeal is made over the air.

The trouble is that the people who do go to the rescue of the unemployed are so often less satisfactory citizens than the people whom they seek to help. The social worker,

actuated by the highest motives, is seldom endowed with any other gift beyond a vague desire to do good to his fellow-man. Or else, he is like a teacher whose only qualification lies in his having taken a diploma in the theory of education. He fills the unemployed man with a sense of almost uncontrollable irritation and resentment.

It is a perfect example of the mouse coming to the help of the lion, for the unemployed man more often than not is a very highly skilled workman endowed with a perfectly functioning mind and body, whereas the social worker is too often a weakling mentally and physically and is quite incapable of looking after his own affairs.

Could anything be more stupid than the first attempts of the social workers to cope with unemployment ?

They founded rest rooms for men who had been resting for five, six, seven, in some instances ten years, men to whom the very word " rest " was like a red rag to a bull. They dispensed charity in the form of free cups of soup and tea and cast-off suits of clothes to men to whom the word " charity " stank of condescension, patronage of the most offensive kind, men who regarded as completely contemptible those of their fellows who " scrounged " their way through life accepting " charity ".

Men of vivid imagination and high mental attainments were offered facilities for playing halma and draughts apparently for the rest of their lives.

As the Master of Balliol said, " I would prefer to go into the asylum at once rather than face three years of nothing but dominoes."

In their eagerness to come to the rescue, the social workers forgot entirely the important fact that the unemployed were not vagrants, that they were not accustomed to live on what they could beg, and that they were not in the habit of trying at all costs to avoid honest work. On the contrary they were men who demanded work. It is only the Communists who produce the strangely unsatisfying alternative " maintenance." Almost the last thing that an unemployed man wishes is to be maintained by anyone except himself. Indeed, English pride seems to be almost non-existent, except among the unemployed.

His employment benefit is not charity or maintenance. It is his own insurance for which he has paid. The fact that it is seldom adequate is wholly beside the point.

You and I don't insure ourselves with the hope that our house will be burnt down or that we shall lose the sight of one eye.

The unemployed man wants to be off benefit, not on it.

It so happens that the trades that have been hardest hit, coal-mining, ship-building, and blast furnaces, attract or perhaps call into being a type of man who is infinitely more attractive as a personality, far more worth while as a citizen than most other trades or professions.

Anyone who listened to a miner telling the nation over the air what books he enjoyed reading must have been struck at once by the difference between him and the ordinary broadcaster. There was a forthrightness about his opinions, a depth of thought, a resonance in his voice, sadly lacking in nearly everybody who is invited to use the microphone. After an unending spate of opinionated critics, effeminate would-be wits, platitudinous philosophers, and infuriatingly superior educationalists it was a joy to listen to a real man talking in a man's voice horse-sense to his fellow-men, neither cringing in apology, nor beatifically aloof.

Nor was this miner a rare exception. All my life I have in one way or another been in intimate contact with coal-miners, quarrymen, market-gardeners and men of that sort.

And always I have been not only more at ease in their presence, owing to their natural courtesy, but more exhilarated by their capacity to see life steadily and to see it whole owing to their questing minds than I have in the society of men whose manners have been more expensively cultivated and whose minds have been more academically developed.

But months and years of unemployment affect the serenity of even the most balanced minds, and self-respect disintegrates into self-distrust and respect for nothing. The miner stands brooding at the street-corner, turning over and over in his mind his own undeserved misery, wondering only how to make his benefit elastic enough to buy milk for

his children, meat for his wife and an occasional cigarette for himself. Then he is approached by the social worker who, in a voice that he cannot help regarding as half-witted or blatantly offensive, invites him to come into a club and have a rest and a free cup of tea. He is instantly suspicious and resentful. He naturally looks for the catch in it.

His first instinctive thought is that this is an attempt to smooth him down, to make him content to continue existence on these ridiculous terms. Small wonder that he sometimes (much more rarely than one would expect) turns on his would-be saviours and says : " You can keep your stale buns and watery tea. They stink too much of the vicar's wife." I have only had that said to me twice. I have had it looked at me a thousand times. This does not mean that all efforts to bring the unemployed into clubs are wrong. It is only the rest and recreational clubs that have taken the wrong turning.

Out of all this miserable waste of effort there is emerging a kind of club which is already performing a useful function, and may easily develop into one of the most useful services in the land even when unemployment is no longer an acute problem.

I have no idea who is responsible for the initiation of occupational clubs.

It is one of their greatest virtues that they are infinitely various, having in common only three or four main objectives : (1) That members pay to belong to them (the subscription is usually a penny a week) ; (2) that members run the club themselves for themselves ; (3) that their object is to provide facilities for employed and unemployed alike (it is imperative that they shall not be clubs only for unemployed men) to indulge their desire to use their hands in some craft or their minds in some cultural exercise.

It is no wonder that they created enemies at once. Anything sound and reasonable and strong always does.

The first objection was that they were Government-aided and intended to help to train unemployed miners in trades to which they were unaccustomed, so that they could go out and undercut the prices of fully-trained skilled men.

The Trades Union Council did its best to restrain its

members from having anything to do with such a traitorous concern.

And, indeed, it was and is the object of occupational clubs to provide members with training in carpentering, boot-repairing, tailoring, and a thousand other activities, not to send them out as carpenters and so on, but to enable them to mend their own broken chairs and tables, to sole and heel their own and their families' boots, and to make their own clothes. They are not allowed to sell anything that they make.

It was then said that even if they were not trying to displace legitimate boot-repairers and carpenters they were taking the bread out of their mouths by doing for themselves what of old they had paid to have done.

Two points in this connection are worth stressing. You and I have so far been allowed to shave ourselves without being told that we are putting the barbers out of business. If I choose to dig my own garden, turn my own table-legs, cobble my own boots, surely it's my own business, and well within my rights as a free citizen. It is apparently only the unemployed man who is held up as unpatriotic and subversive if he does things for himself.

The second point is equally worth bearing in mind.

If you go carefully through the budget of the unemployed man you will find that after paying out of a total benefit of 29s. 3d. for a family of five, 12s. for rent, 11s. 5d. on food, 2s. 3d. on coal and gas, 2s. on clothing clubs, 1s. on insurance (for burial), 3d. is left over for soap and 4d. for cigarettes. Nothing is left for boot repairs or furniture repairs. Nobody is mad enough to suggest that an unemployed man can ever afford to buy anything new, but anybody who can add can see at a glance that he cannot afford even to have anything repaired, so it means that he is incurring debts that he cannot hope ever to pay if he sends his boots or chairs to be mended.

But in an occupational club he not only has the time, but the opportunity to mend or make things for himself. Again he is not depending on charity.

He pays for the leather, he pays for the wood, and he pays for the material, but he pays what he can afford.

What you and I are called upon to do is to supply (not him, but the club) with the raw material or the means to acquire it.

I said a moment ago that he had the time. This is what the industrial revolution was fought for, that all men should have time, breathing space to look round and admire, time to get busy on all sorts of personal interests, time to devote to that culture which was supposed to be the main pursuit of what are called the leisured classes. It is a sad commentary on the failure of our educational system that so far it only seems to have provided the men of much leisure with a desire to play golf, the men of little leisure to watch greyhound racing, and the women of both types to live in the cinema. It is a sad commentary, because these are passive pleasures, and true education should inspire in us a desire to create and to find happiness in action.

The occupational club should and does provide facilities not only for those interested in handicrafts but also for those who wish to develop their æsthetic, linguistic, and artistic faculties.

I remember asking a Merseyside dockyard labourer why he was attending Signor Madariaga's lectures on Spanish.

"And why the hell shouldn't I learn Spanish if I want to?" was his answer.

The Occupational Clubs do not perform their function if they do not provide facilities for all handicrafts, athletics, singing, acting, photography, dancing, lectures, discussion groups, scientific experiment and wide reading as well as the admirable open-air occupation of allotments. I am very far from suggesting that all these occupations equally attract all men. You can drag all club members to an allotment, but you can't make all men dig. And from helping themselves men learn to help others.

Perhaps the oldest of all the occupational clubs are the series of People's Service Clubs in Lincoln, which owe their inception to a section of the Workers' Educational Association working mainly as engineers in Ruston & Hornby's shops.

From the beginning they set out to devote their enforced leisure to the common good. When they found that the

City of Lincoln contained many deserving institutions that were unable to carry out improvements owing to lack of funds, they provided the labour themselves. In this way they eased the lives of child imbeciles by making toys, of the elderly poor by making for them invalid chairs, and of young orphan girls in a home by making for them chests of drawers and ornamental knick-knacks. Perhaps their outstanding achievement was the establishment of a nursery school, to which they contributed not only the beds, chairs and tables used by the infants, but also the cooks. Two unemployed engineers learnt how to cook and are now responsible for the catering of the forty children in the school.

These men have kept their self-respect, because they are in a position of authority. They decide who are and who are not worthy of their help. So you get the anomalous but delightful position of civic authorities coming hat in hand to the unemployed to ask their aid.

The best known acts of community service by the unemployed have been the building of the famous Power House at Hebburn on Tyneside and the transformation in Brynmawr, South Wales, of a slag heap into a public park of great beauty with a huge open-air swimming pool which has proved a godsend to the town.

It is significant that the Brynmawr Council will not take over the pool now that their unemployed have built it.

It is more significant that the Hebburn scheme was carried through only because of the leadership of Mr. Sugden, and that Brynmawr owes its park and baths to the leadership of Peter Scott, a Quaker. The Society of Friends have succeeded where the more stereotyped social workers have failed. In West Cumberland and in South Wales they have planted in the hardest pressed areas their servants who have lived among the people quietly, and gradually suggested to them this or that helpful idea. I would have all social workers go for a rigorous course to some Quaker centre before they were let loose to practise their ideals.

Peter Scott was responsible for a further development beyond the Occupational Club.

He realizes, as do all those who live among the unemployed, that the only thing that really matters is getting work, and as coal completely failed in Brynmawr he urged a small group to take up the making of boots in direct competition with Northampton, and another group to start making their own distinctive furniture. Both these groups have had to face lean years, but the point that matters is that they are now established, and have finally taken off employment benefit men who would otherwise certainly be still in receipt of it.

But not content with that, Peter Scott started two Subsistence Production Societies, one in Upholland, near Wigan, and another in Monmouthshire. The idea was to set groups of unemployed men to work co-operatively to provide an assortment of products, food and clothing being the most important, so that there might be an opportunity for exchange within the group. Nothing is produced for sale or exchange outside the group.

This scheme does not raise the group above the need for unemployment assistance. Lord Nuffield subsidized the scheme handsomely to set it on its feet. The activities include dairy farming, pig-keeping, poultry farming, bee-keeping, bread-making, coal-getting, carpentering and jam-making.

Members are not paid, but they are credited with the hours they work, and all work is rated at the same value.

This means that a man can go to the general store and demand six minutes' worth of Woodbines or an hour and a half's worth of beefsteak. He pays partly in cash as well.

In a certain week at Upholland the community " spent " 1,400 hours and £45 16s. 6d. in cash and received in return goods, the retail value of which was £94, from which it would appear that the cash value of their working hour to themselves is roughly eightpence.

The high spot of Subsistence Production activity is to be seen in the old Brewery, Cwmavon, where there is a bakery capable of producing 2,000 loaves a day, and the rest of the five-storied building has been converted into workshops for training gardeners, kitchen-hands, butchers, clerks, printers, boot-repairers, tailors, knitters, electricians,

blacksmiths, carpenters, decorators, boilermen, pipe-fitters and bottle-washers.

One series of Occupational Club has devoted its activities to buying coal, meat, fish, potatoes and milk in bulk in order to resell to its members at a reduced rate.

This caused a good deal of anger among the retailers, who felt that they were being cheated of their profits, but again an argument that I adduced earlier holds good.

You and I can buy our coal in ten ton trucks at a special discount. And, indeed, everything that we buy in bulk we buy at a vastly reduced rate.

There is no law against this. In fact, it is excellent for trade that goods should be bought in large quantities. If, therefore, the clubs are rich enough they can buy all commodities at a greatly reduced price and resell to their members very cheaply.

Now think what a difference this makes in the budgeting of an unemployed man. It may not be possible to raise his employment benefit above say 21s. 3d., but if by some such method as this we can make his 21s. 3d. do the work of 30s. we are to some degree relieving tension. It is typical of the mentality of the antagonists that they suggest that if we make the employment benefit go further, it will be further reduced.

A further ingenious scheme has been the establishment at King's Standing, a country house near Burton-on-Trent, of a sort of Staff College of Occupational Clubs, where secretaries of clubs can go for refresher courses, a sort of clearing house of ideas.

The National Council of Social Service issues a monthly " News Sheet " to be nailed up on club notice-boards. This gives an epitome of the movements of clubs and gives hints of new activities, a very necessary thing in view of the fact that the unemployed man quickly gets bored, and the ingenuity of the secretary is rarely able to keep pace with the demand for variety.

It has, furthermore, to be remembered that the best type of unemployed man is being again, thank God, absorbed into work, leaving in the clubs a type less full of enthusiasm.

Indeed, some clubs are weighed down and almost stifled by a residuum of the unemployable for whom there is little room in these clubs.

These unemployables are not always men of extreme old age.

I recollect in Hull a recreational club being opened for dockyard boys. When it was suggested that they might do something better than play cards, the boys just sniggered. When they were given the choice of having their clubs turned into an Occupational Club or having no club at all, they were unanimous. They preferred no club at all. They were work-shy. And there are many youths to-day from eighteen to twenty-five who are work-shy, because they have never done a day's work in their lives and presumably never will.

Some of these make good housebreakers. Old " lags " catch the more ambitious and active of them, and in very little time turn them into successful burglars.

I have seen far more promising material in Lewes Gaol than I have seen in any recreational club. This is, after all, logical. A high-spirited boy finds adventure and action in a smash-and-grab job. It is only the poor-spirited, bloodless youth who would prefer to sit in a club playing cards all day. I remember one boy in a Stockport club telling me that he was going round smashing shop windows in order to get into prison because when he came out he'd get his green ticket and a job at once. If he kept the peace he would remain unemployed for ever. It is, as I have already indicated, of the first importance that these clubs should be open to anybody who will pay a penny a week irrespective of his political opinion or of his trade, or whether he is employed or unemployed. It was on Tyneside one night that I tapped a fellow working on a cabinet on the back and said " And how long have you been out, my good man ? " " Good Lord," came the answer, " I'm not unemployed. I'm the bank manager here."

The most difficult people to locate and draw to the clubs are the black-coated workers, who feel the shame of being unemployed much more severely than the manual worker does. Or, to be more accurate, he won't share his shame with his fellows.

I remember meeting one man who was so ashamed of his job failing—it was due to a merging of newspapers and he was one of the "axed" reporters—that he continued for a fortnight to pretend to his wife that he was in the office each day, when in reality he was tramping the streets looking for work.

The black-coated workers are the victims of snobbery.

They cannot be hail-fellow well-met with everybody as the miner and ship-builder are. The miner calls no man master.

The whole life of the black-coated worker depends on his being servile to the right people.

Nor is it easy to get women to join Occupational Clubs. Women, in spite of their liking for gossip, are not by nature clubbable.

The best women's clubs are in Birmingham, where they grow bulbs, Sunderland, where the mothers enjoy physical training classes, and Tyneside, where they dance. Men want less entertainment in their clubs and women far more. Their lives at home are so drab that to invite them to a make and mend party is worse than useless.

Colour, dancing, music, fun, games, gossip and a long holiday from home are what they need. That is the recipe both for the wives of the unemployed and for unemployed women.

Treks for unemployed men from one youth hostel to another, and camps for unemployed boys are both admirable, but far more useful would be treks for unemployed women and holiday camps for the wives of the unemployed.

In spite of what perhaps strikes you as a carping note, which is due to my disappointment that so few leaders have been forthcoming, and so little progress made in such a long time, these clubs are here to stay.

The Occupational Club is only in its infancy. It will become, when it has properly taken hold, the Working Men's University, but at the moment the important thing to realize is that it depends entirely on the practical sympathy; the personal leadership of people like you.

The unemployed man is far too near despair to be able to take the initiative for himself. He cannot even take the

initiative of getting out of the hell in which he starves. But given a lead he is willing to follow. Given your guidance he will regain the use of his hands, begin once more to regard himself as a member of society, instead of a lump of mud that is clogging up the wheels, and he will devise some means of ceasing to be a burden to the taxpayer, and learn to pay his way and enjoy his leisure.

But it is essential to the well-being and healthy growth of these clubs that they should not be linked up with or tied down to any shade of political opinion or religious belief.

They can only flourish if they are allowed to develop freely.

It is a magnificent testimony to the catholicity, or all-embracing sympathy of the Quakers, that in their new Order of Friends the only point that is emphasized is the belief that life is essentially spiritual. No attempt is made to force the spirit into a particular mould. There is only the recognition that the spirit exists and is to be preserved.

So no man is frightened off joining a club because of his fear of having sectarian religion rammed down his throat, any more than he is frightened of joining because of his fear of having his political bias coloured, corrected, or stamped out.

The whole point and only point of the Occupational Club, is to enable members to live a fuller life and to be of better value to themselves and to the community.

A Georgian Romance

Maria Fitzherbert 1759-1837

By Joscelyne Lechmere

One hundred years ago, on the 4th of April, were laid to rest under the pavement facing the high altar of Saint John the Baptist's Church in Brighton, the mortal remains of a woman whose long life, for she lived into her eighty-first year, was chequered by high romance, deep tragedy, recurring happiness, and final sacrifice.

The kneeling and veiled figure sculptured on the marble monument raised to her memory by one who was more to her than a daughter, represents Maria Fitzherbert wearing on her left hand a *third* wedding ring, a silent but yet eloquent token to the fact that she, though never a queen, yet had been a king's wife.

Widowed for the third time on the death of George IV, his sucessor, who had ever stood her friend, would have created her a duchess, according the right to wear widow's weeds for his brother, and desiring her to use for the few remaining years of her life, the royal liveries. The rank she declined ; it might have been misconstrued, for such a coronet had too often gone with tarnished reputation.

Yet, outside of Brighton, to which town she had brought great prosperity, by whose people she was deservedly beloved for her exceeding charity, and who must have understood to the full the meaning of those scarlet liveried servants attending her carriage, Maria Fitzherbert's real position remained to the world at large more than uncertain.

Nearly seventy years after her passing, the true history of this blameless lady was given to the world when her husband's great-nephew gave permission for publication of the documents testifying to her marriage, which, long deposited by her at Coutts' Bank, had been transferred to the private archives of Windsor Castle.

Maria Fitzherbert, who came of ancient Catholic stock, the Smythes, baronets of Acton Burnell in Shropshire, was born on July 26, 1756, the eldest daughter of Walter, second son of Sir John Smythe.

At that time Catholics may be said to have scarcely emerged from those catacombs to which the penal laws had long exiled them, and their squirearchy was compelled to live a retired life, mixing but little with any but members of the religion which still proscribed its adherents from both Parliament and the liberal profession.

In her eighteenth year Maria Smythe espoused Edward Weld of Lulworth Castle, at that time a widower in his forty-fourth year.

The marriage took place in 1775 and later in the same year Mr. Weld died. Three years afterwards his widow remarried into another old Catholic family in the person of Thomas Fitzherbert of Swynnerton.

On his death, succeeding a chill, in 1781, Maria Fitzherbert was left a widow for the second time, and after a year abroad returned to England where her jointure of £2,000 a year enabled her to move freely in Society.

Mrs. Fitzherbert was one of those fortunate persons on whom time never seems to set its finger, and to the day of her death she preserved more than traces of her wonderful beauty.

But when she first encountered George, Prince of Wales, she was in the heyday of her charm, with her abundant hair worn naturally, the pale gold tresses defying fashion, eyes of hazel brown, wild rose and hawthorn complexion, exquisitely chiselled features and a figure full of natural grace.

On his side the Prince, scarce entered into his twenty-first year, tall, finely formed, with no trace of that coarseness of figure and feature which was so obvious in his latter years, was by no means devoid of personal attraction.

He was a fluent speaker of French, German and Italian, well read in the classics, and a fine musician, and excelled in physical sports, a perfect rider, a good fencer, and possessing a more than superficial knowledge of boxing.

Posterity has assuredly dealt too hardly in its estimation of his life, certain historians painting his character in the most lurid colour, and assuming him to have been a man of no principle and of all vices.

Yet he was not without good impulses, if extravagant, he was generous; to his friends he showed warm-hearted affection, and despite the fact that no possible excuse can

be adduced for the treatment of both his canonical and legal wives, he yet throughout his life loved only one woman, and his last thoughts were to ensure that her miniature which he had continuously worn round his neck, should be buried with him.

Whilst his association with Maria Fitzherbert continued, her influence restrained him from addiction to those coarse habits which have been attributed to him, and the Royal Pavilion at Brighton during their joint reign was doubtless a palace of pleasure but never of vice.

Those who take a view that the balance of his life wavered equally between good and evil may be somewhat of the mind of Bishop Hurd, his tutor, who predicted of him at the age of fifteen that he would become either the most polished gentleman or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe, possibly both !

As a young man he was kept in the background by his father, and when at length he was allowed an establishment of his own he found himself without those who could help and advise him.

Tradition says that he first met Maria Fitzherbert on Thames-side in April 1783, when she was occupying her Richmond villa and he was staying at the Royal Palace of Kew.

There is no doubt that he evinced a violent passion for her which at first was by no means returned or indeed even taken seriously.

But she was soon to find out her mistake in imagining that his advances were merely tributes to her entrancing personality.

On a certain day of 1784 when Mrs. Fitzherbert was completing preparations for a journey abroad, there descended at her door from a coach, four of the Prince's household, headed by Lord Southampton, who apprised her that his master had attempted self-destruction, and implored her immediate attendance at Carlton House.

Prudently insisting on the company of the Duchess of Devonshire she complied with the summons, to find the Prince bleeding from a wound.

Yielding momentarily to his protestations she agreed

to marry him, and a ring borrowed for the occasion from the Duchess was placed on her finger.

On her return home she wrote a letter to Lord Southampton denouncing the plot of which she had evidently been a victim, and left England on the following day, being followed by successive couriers, bearing letters from the Prince, several of whom found themselves arrested by the French Government on suspicion of being political spies.

Finally, after much hesitation, she agreed to accept the Prince for the all sufficient reason that she had learned to love him, and returned to London early in December, 1785.

Rumours had already been rife as to the Prince's intentions regarding her, and on December 10, Charles James Fox, himself a great grandson of Charles II, a prominent Whig, with which party the Prince identified himself, and a former Leader of the House and Foriegn Secretary addressed a long letter to His Royal Highness voicing these reports and pointing out the extreme difficulties which such a course would inevitably be entailed on both parties.

The Prince sent a prompt ıeply stating that all such rumours were baseless.

His answer was more evasive than direct, but it enabled Fox to deny in Parliament later *on direct authority* that such a marriage had taken place.

Yet at six o'clock of the evening of December 15, 1785, the marriage took place at Mrs. Fitzherbert's house in Park Street in the presence of her brother Jack Smythe, and her uncle Henry Errington, the celebrating clergyman being an Anglican curate, the Rev. Robert Surt, who consented to risk all the pains and penalties of Premunire for assisting in a contravention of the Royal Marriage Act, in consideration of a fee of £500 and the promise of future preferment.

The certificate in the Prince's own hand is the principal of those documents deposited after her husband's death with Messrs. Coutts, and runs as follows :

> *We the undersigned, do witness that George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales, was married unto Maria Fitzherbert this 15th of December* 1785.

It was signed by the two relatives of the bride and by George P. and Maria Fitzherbert, but later in her life Mrs. Fitzherbert fearful for the possibility of proceedings under the Statute of Premunire being taken against her uncle and brother, cut the names out, although the tail of the 'g' in Mr. Errington's signature is still visible.

This action might *per se* be held to have weakened the certificate's evidential value, but this is amply supported by a second document now in the Windsor private archives, a letter from the Prince to his wife, dated June 11th 1799, in which he refers to the witnesses' part in the marriage ceremony, mentioning them by name.

As regards the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert it may be described as *valid*, but *illegal*. It was certainly valid according to the Canon Law of the respective Churches to which the parties belonged.

Before Mrs. Fitzherbert agreed to rejoin her husband following the first separation, she laid all the facts of her marriage before the Holy See, which after examining the evidence, issued a Brief, sealed with the Ring of the Fisherman, affirming that Maria Fitzherbert was the canonical wife of the Prince of Wales.

Legally of course, according to civil law, the marriage was null and void, under the Royal Marriage Act of George III, which was designed to prevent marriages by members of the Royal Family without the King's consent.

But in marrying a Catholic the Prince of Wales came under that proviso of the Act of Succession which enacted forfeiture of his rights against an heir to the Throne who should marry a Papist.

There existed therefore good reasons for keeping the marriage secret, for anti-Catholic bias looked askance at even what was popularly imagined to be an irregular association of a Papist woman with a Protestant prince.

Fox's denial of the marriage despite Sheridan's half-hearted defence of Mrs. Fitzherbert's character, made her position an invidious one, and until the terms of the Papal Brief, never publicly divulged, became generally known amongst Catholics of position, they were inclined to view her association with the Prince as of doubtful character.

But short of acknowledging Mrs. Fitzherbert as his wedded wife, her husband from the first caused her to be held in high honour, for he let it be known amongst all with whom he came in social contact that invitations to all private houses were henceforth to include her as well as himself, and her wonderful tact and unassuming manners were an extraordinary asset in partially regularizing her peculiar position.

The Prince frankly adored his wife whom he called his White Rose, and it was generally noticed how greatly he improved in health and manners during the years they spent together.

The unfortunate relations between the King and his son, whom he frankly detested, culminated in a refusal to pay the latter's debts and the Prince shut up Carlton House, sold his carriages and horses, and retired to Brighton which under his ægis emerged from an obscure fishing village to became the centre of rank and fashion. Here the Prince had acquired a house which he largely rebuilt, and which culminated under his plans into that curious conglomeration of Oriental, Chinese and Indian architecture which is represented by the Pavilion at Brighton to-day.

The years the two spent at Brighton before their first separation and following the reconciliation between them, were probably the happiest ones in the life of the Prince as well as his wife.

Never was he in better health nor more restrained, and he threw himself with the greatest zest into manly sports of all kinds.

The Prince, unpopular as he became later with the London mob, following his treatment of the future Princess of Wales, was ever more than popular with the people of Brighton, a popularity which Mrs. Fitzherbert deservedly shared.

Without being accorded the title given her by the famous bathing woman of Brighton's early days, Martha Gunn, who invariably addressed her as "Mrs. Prince," Mrs. Fitzherbert was treated by high and low with profound respect, and by the Prince's brothers who were aware that

some ceremony must have taken place, with affectionate warmth and consideration.

The King's illness in 1789 brought forward the question of a Regency, and of the Prince of Wales as Regent, with very limited powers, but George III's unexpected recovery postponed this necessity.

The freedom of the Press in those times was amazing, and is well exampled by a cartoon representing the Funeral Procession of Miss Regency. Resting on the coffin was a Prince's coronet, flanked by a dice box and empty purse, with Mrs. Fitzherbert acting as chief mourner, whilst members of the Prince's household were represented as mutes, and included Weltje, the Royal cook and major domo, the latter singing in broken English :

> " Vor by Got we do pine and in sadness ve tink
> Dat its long till de Prince vear de Crown."

The Prince of Wales, disappointed of his hope of independence, retired to Brighton and immersed himself in a life of pleasure. The years 1792 to 1794 were two of the most happy years for his wife when the Prince's financial affairs were at a low ebb and he spent much of his time at the Grange near Alton, and hunted regularly with a Hampshire pack which still sports the Prince of Wale's feathers on its hunt button. In spite of his weight the Prince was a first-rate man to hounds and seldom out of the first flight.

On the Turf he won 185 races in seven years, including the Derby, but retired when his jockey Sam Chipney was " warned off " by the Stewards for unfair riding of one of his Royal Patron's horses. It must in fairness be admitted that there is not the least reason for supposing that the Prince was cognisant of his jockey's delinquency.

The cause of the Prince's separation from his wife in 1794 was his infatuation for the Countess of Jersey, a passionate, unprincipled and intriguing woman.

There were doubtless other reasons inducing him to the step of breaking with the woman who had been his faithful wife for nine years, for within six weeks of the letter received by her at Bushey Park where she was dining with the Duke of Clarence, stating he would never enter her house again,

he told the King he would marry, ("one damned German *frow* is as good as another," he is said to have stated to a friend) and thereafter he got his debts paid.

The Prince certainly was as good as his word in his choice, for it fell on Caroline of Brunswick, the King's niece who was wholly unsuited to him in every possible respect.

The marriage took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on April 8, 1795, and in the following year a daughter was born to the Princess of Wales.

On the day succeeding Princess Charlotte's birth, her father fell suddenly ill, and it was then that he composed the holograph will which is included in the secret papers now preserved at Windsor Castle. In it the Prince left all his estate to Mrs. Fitzherbert, describing her as his wife, the wife of his heart and soul, and desired that he should be buried with her miniature, which he had worn over his heart throughout his life.

It may be seen from this document that the Prince's mind was once more returning to the one woman whom he really loved, and his break with the Princess of Wales, followed almost immediately, for in April 1796, he wrote to the Princess a letter finally declining any idea of future co-habitation, and in June of the same year he began eagerly to attempt the renewal of marital relations with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

The Princess may be said to have acted very benevolently, for she expressed the hope that the Prince would not feel *her* any impediment to a reconciliation, and remarked that Mrs. Fitzherbert was his true wife, that she was an excellent woman, and it was a pity he ever broke with her.

On her side Mrs. Fitzherbert was by no means hasty in arriving at the conclusion desired by the Prince. Ever since the separation she had neither written to nor seen her husband, whom indeed she had consistently avoided.

The Royal Dukes, who were well aware of the good influence she had ever exercised over the Prince, were anxious that she should take him back.

The Prince continued to approach her with lengthy letters, the correspondence on his side lasting over a period

of nearly three years, and was finally closed by an ultimatum in which, after reminding her of her marriage vows, he threatened to proclaim publicly all the circumstances attending their union to the world at large.

The knowledge that such a course would undoubtedly ruin the Prince in the eyes of a Protestant nation, and might indeed entail forfeiture of the Throne, was not without its effect on her, for she still loved that wayward husband of hers, but she declined to consent to his wishes until she had consulted the head of her Church.

The brief which vouched for her honour, added that she was free to return to her husband if he was truly penitent, and in June, 1800, the formal fact of a reconciliation was semi-publicly announced by invitations sent out by Mrs. Fitzherbert to a breakfast party at her house in Tilney Street, " to meet His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales."

The tables were profusely decorated with white roses, the same flowers being worn by the hostess.

The delight of Brighton on the return of the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert was genuine if not entirely disinterested, and the royal architect continued his building at the Pavilion.

The following eight years were later described by Mrs. Fitzherbert to her cousin Lord Stourton, as the happiest of her life with the Prince.

He threw himself into the various amusements of the season which included reviews, races, naval displays, cricket matches, boating, bathing and even donkey rides, with the ardour of a boy.

The only event which marred the happiness of those days was Mrs. Fitzherbert's anxiety over what was known as the Seymour case.

Lord Hugh and Lady Horatia Seymour died somewhat tragically within a few weeks of each other, having left their youngest child Mary in the charge of Mrs. Fitzherbert who became devoted to her as was also the Prince.

Mainly on the score of religion the Seymour family attempted to take the child away, and the case which was warmly supported by the Prince of Wales who offered

to settle £10,000 on the subject of this litigation, was taken to the House of Lords.

Finally it was settled by Lord Hertford's appointment as guardian and his selection of Mrs. Fitzherbert as his deputy, which left little Mary Seymour to be her adopted daughter. Unfortunately, as it was afterwards said, she gained a child but lost a husband, for in the negotiations which had taken place the Prince had had many conversations with Lady Hertford and his too volatile nature again asserted itself.

The new favourite was of a different type to Lady Jersey, neither very beautiful nor very clever, but endowed with a stately figure and dignified carriage. Outwardly correct, she would insist on the Prince's commanding Mrs. Fitzherbert's presence at the Pavilion whenever she herself dined there.

The latter for some time suffered under this galling treatment hoping that the Prince's passion was merely temporary, but finally plainly told him he must choose between Lady Hertford and herself.

Receiving no reply to her letter, she definitely refused to go again to the Pavilion which she had never herself occupied, preferring a house close by until such time as her marriage might be publicly acknowledged.

Her final interview with her husband took place at Carlton House, summoned thither at the Prince's request, to find that he desired her opinion on a political matter only.

On his assumption of the Regency in 1811 he gave a great reception to which Mrs. Fitzherbert was invited with the general body of guests, whereas formerly she was invariably included in the Prince's immediate circle.

When she enquired about her place, he remarked, "You know, madam, you have no place." "None, Sir," she replied, "but what you choose to give me."

In these few words is summed up the renunciation which Mrs. Fitzherbert had made in marrying the Prince of Wales.

A formal separation was agreed upon, Mrs. Fitzherbert on the advice of her uncle Mr. Errington, but contrary to her own wish, accepting an annuity of £6,000 charged by mortgage on the royal Pavilion.

In later years she returned to her house on the Steine at Brighton and resumed her social life, but never re-entered the Royal Pavilion until the accession of William IV when she was a very frequent guest and was treated by the Royal family as one of themselves.

From the time of her husband's accession to the throne Mrs. Fitzherbert continued her ordinary life, forgotten by the public which would have been forcibly reminded of her existence had the House of Lords not thrown out the Bill against Queen Caroline, who as she remarked with more truth than delicacy, had only committed adultery with one person, and that was Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband, for in the event of the case proceeding, her counsel intended to bring up all the circumstances of the King's previous marriage.

The death of the Duke of York in 1827 was a great loss to Mrs. Fitzherbert with whom he had corresponded for many years and who had always shown himself the most friendly of the royal family.

Three years later, on June 26, 1830, followed the death of George IV in his sixty-eighth year. Almost immediately preceding his demise Mrs Fitzherbert wrote to him through the medium of Sir Henry Halford his physician, expressing hopes for his recovery.

It is said that the King read the letter with emotion and placed it under his pillow. Possibly the Marchioness of Conyngham, whom he had appointed lady steward, saw to it that the letter was removed, in the interval of packing up the waggon loads of plate and jewellery she was known to be sending away from Windsor Castle during the last weeks of the King's illness.

The one consolation left to Mrs. Fitzherbert was the fact that she heard later that the Duke of Wellington, on entering the room where the dead King lay, noticed a ribbon round his neck.

Curiosity, for which indiscretion it is said he blushed like a girl when later relating the episode to Mrs. Dawson Damer, Mrs. Fitzherbert's adopted daughter, caused him to look further and he described the miniature of the King's first wife. The Duke then understood why George IV had enjoined on him that he was to be interred in the night

clothes he was wearing and that his body was in no way to be disturbed ; and this last command was faithfully obeyed and Mrs. Fitzherbert's portrait buried with him at Windsor.

As one of the executors of George IV the Duke of Wellington approached Mrs. Fitzherbert on the subject of the correspondence between herself and the King, and she agreed to the destruction of all letters except the documents reserved, which in a sealed envelope were deposited at Coutts' Bank pending her further instructions.

Mrs. Fitzherbert's death, three months before the Georgian era became merged into the Victorian, left this matter undetermined, until in 1905 Edward VII authorized their publication and her vindication.

Hitler and Nietzsche

By Anthony Ludovici

MUCH has been written and more has been said about the Nietzschean influence behind the new régime in Germany. And, while some have condemned National-Socialism off-hand on that score alone others (among them some Nietzscheans) have condemned it for being a travesty of Nietzsche, i.e. for having misinterpreted and misapplied the Master's teaching.

But no matter how the dispute on these points may ultimately be decided, it seems fairly obvious that there must be a strong Nietzschean influence in National Socialism, if only because of the powerful breath of pre-Socratic Hellenism which has prevailed in Germany ever since the N.S.D.A.P. seized the reins of government.

For the sake of those readers who are not quite clear regarding this association of Nietzscheism with pre-Socratic values, perhaps it would be as well to point out that, according to Nietzsche, the history of mankind falls, as it were, into two halves—the period preceding Socrates, during which the public estimate of a man was always based upon his biological worth, and the period following Socrates, during which the public estimate of a man always tended to neglect or ignore his biological worth. How Socrates changed the point of view in order to make things tolerable for himself (a degenerate specimen) I have already explained in these pages. Thus Nietzsche claimed that the Socratic way of looking at men which ignored their biological worth, or regarded it as negligible, was a way which favoured degenerates, just as it had favoured the great degenerate who first instituted it; and the German philosopher advocated a return to the pre-Socratic values which, by being concentrated on biological worth, would combat and eliminate degeneracy.

Now, if only in this return to the biological angle of vision in viewing mankind, modern Germany is essentially Nietzschean, and when we come to appreciate the other elements in National Socialism which owe their inspiration to Nietzsche, and bear in mind not only Adolf Hitler's

sincere and earnest admiration of Nietzsche's philosophy and his great friendship with Frau Förster-Nietzsche, Nietzsche's sister, but also Alfred Rosenberg's strong sympathy with the Nietzschean outlook—Rosenberg being the head of the department in charge of political training for the National Socialist Party—we are left in no doubt whatsoever regarding the profound influence the creator of the peripatetic sage, Zarathustra, is now exerting over his native country. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to inquire what, besides the wave of pre-Socratic values, may definitely be ascribed to Nietzsche's leadership in the Third Reich.

During the recent Parteitag in Nuremberg, the first most characteristic feature was the Fuehrer's own attitude towards Culture as outlined in his speech of 9th September at the Opera House. He made it quite clear that he would not and could not regard Art as an international affair, as our own Oxford æsthetes and dilettantes have always done, and declared that " all this chatter of internationalism in Art is as idiotic as it is dangerous." He argued that since Art is the expression of a people's life and the bloom on the tree of their values, and that " no man can bear any intimate relation to any cultural achievement which does not have its roots in his own origins and soil," it is as ridiculous to expect a national Art-product to have international validity or to make the same appeal everywhere, as to suppose that a German or an English national can feel the same emotions when reading another nation's history as when reading his own.

Thus he concluded that culture is invariably the product of discipline and authority within a particular national unit. It invariably springs from the work of the legislator who first established the values of a people. " It is the civilized product of political leadership." And he made it clear that " just as a Christian Age could have only a Christian Art, so a National-Socialist Age could have only a National-Socialist Art."

All this is perfectly consistent with Nietzscheism. But before showing the connexion, it is important to refer to certain misconceptions that may arise, and have indeed arisen, in respect of the last quoted statement of the Fuehrer.

To this end I need only recall the communication made by the Berlin Correspondent of the *Morning Post* to his journal on 8th October.

Referring only to the statement in question, the writer of the article said: "Which, one wonders, of the susceptible, but non-German-speaking English guests of honour who have since written to the Press to assert that Nazi Germany is saving Christian civilization from Bolshevism, realize that this striking antithesis was uttered and applauded in their hearing? Rarely, if ever, has Herr Hitler given the world such a succinct clue to his pretensions—that the political movement of his formation is destined to inaugurate a new era in Europe, to inherit the moral authority and inspiration exercised by Christianity to a lesser or greater degree in European affairs for a thousand years."

The implication is, of course, that the set of values promulgated by National-Socialism are, on the Fuehrer's own showing, in conflict with Christianity.

Now I happened to be one of the English guests of honour present when that statement was made, and I understood and applauded it. But so far was I from drawing the conclusions which the *Morning Post's* Berlin correspondent drew that, when I read his interpretation, it was with feelings of complete astonishment.

Nor do I believe that his interpretation could be upheld even on purely historical grounds. For instance, if he will turn up the article "Architecture" in the second volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th Edition) he will find chapters under various headings which are just as susceptible to his interpretation of the Fuehrer's words as the Fuehrer's own statement was. He will find a whole chapter under the heading "Early Christian Architecture", and later a chapter under the heading "Renaissance Architecture". Would he infer from this that the writer intended solemnly to maintain that there had been a complete breach between the two periods in question on the matter of Christianity's moral authority and inspiration? And if he would not, why does he infer it in discussing the Fuehrer's statement which, by-the-bye, he wrenches quite gratuitously from its context?

All I inferred from the Fuehrer's words was that just as Christianity had, as an international faith, untinctured by local sentiment and character, produced a certain kind of Art which ultimately became differentiated as the Church split up and became influenced by national segregations of humanity, so National-Socialism (one of these more recent segregations) would necessarily and in time produce an Art having its own peculiar character. There was not a word in the Fuehrer's speech to indicate, however, that an antithesis was meant or that this peculiar national character manifesting itself in National-Socialist Art would necessarily be in conflict with true Christianity. And as far as I can see the influence drawn by the *Morning Post's* Berlin Correspondent was as entirely gratuitous as was his quotation of this one line out of the context of the Fuehrer's address.

The Fuehrer was simply making it quite clear to his listeners that any Art which is nondescript to the point of being independent of the soul of the people among which it finds its being—any Art, that is to say, which in the true sense may be termed "international"—is of minor importance unless, of course, a homogeneity of types and values prevails over all national units. And why must this be so?—Because such Art cannot help being chaotic, labyrinthine and characterless, owing to its being rooted in a clash and chaos of values.

"No people could live," said Nietzsche,* "that did not in the first place value. If it would maintain itself, however, it must not value as its neighbour doth. . . .Values did man stamp upon things only that he might preserve himself."

To have the same Art as everybody else, therefore, would be to value as everybody else values, and this to a people means self-extermination; hence the basic stupidity of the idea of an international Art in present-day conditions, in which homogeneity of type and values is still remote.

"What does all art do?" Nietzsche asks. "Does it not praise? Does it not glorify? Does it not select? Does it not bring into prominence? In each of these cases it strengthens or weakens certain valuations."

* The quotations from Nietzsche's works in this article are all taken from the Authorized English Translation, edited by Dr. Oscar Levy.

But the Fuehrer did not imply or lead his audience to suppose that out of National-Socialism a new Art, peculiar to it, would be evolved, as it were, over-night. He suggested nothing so ridiculous. He spoke, on the contrary, of the " enormous importance of prolonged moulding " (*die ungeheure Bedeutung dieser langsamen Formung*). He made it plain that his own and his colleagues' efforts were concentrated on restoring to the German people those great traditions of their nation, those tried and time-honoured customs, those characteristic institutions and values, out of which an Art of the future, a National-Socialist Art, would necessarily grow, as did a Judæo-Græco-Christian Art out of a Europe made well-nigh homogeneous in spirit by the Hellenistic, Jewish and other values spread by the early Church.

" The essential thing in heaven and earth," said Nietzsche, " is apparently that there should be long obedience in the same direction ; then there comes about and has always come about in the long run something which has made life worth living—for instance, virtue, art, music, dancing, reason, spirituality, etc. . . . Even the beauty of a race or family, the pleasantness and kindness of their whole demeanour, is acquired by effort ; like genius it is the final result of the accumulated labour of generations."

Again in his insistence on beauty in this same address, the Fuehrer revealed the Nietzschean influence in his outlook. " We of the National-Socialist Party love health," he declared. " The best of our nation's stock, in body and soul, gives us our standard, and all we demand from our art is the glorification of this standard. The first precept of our ideal of beauty will always be health."

Those who know of the recent scientific justification of this standpoint, who remember Herbert Spencer's words: " The aspects which displease us are the outward correlatives of inward imperfections," and who are aware of the fact that research-workers like Dr. Kretschmer, Dr. George Draper and Dr. E. S. Talbot all associate morbidity, abnormality or degeneracy with ugliness, will appreciate the prescience of Nietzsche when they learn that as long ago as 1888 he was writing :

"From the physiological standpoint, everything ugly weakens and depresses man. It reminds him of decay, danger, impotence. . . . Ugliness is understood to signify a hint and a symptom of degeneration; that which reminds us however remotely of degeneracy, impels us to the judgment 'ugly.' . . . A certain hatred expresses itself here. What is it that man hates?—Without a doubt it is the *decline of his type.* In this respect his hatred springs from the deepest instincts of the race: there is, however, caution, profundity and far-reaching vision in this hatred—it is the most profound hatred that exists. On its account alone Art is profound."

These sentiments are redolent of a period when man still clung to the point of view—now at last in the process of being confirmed by science—that body and mind are one and cannot be separated, that they are both merely different aspects of the same thing.

The emphasis the Fuehrer laid on this prerequisite—beauty, the way he linked it up with the demands he makes of a national Art, and his idea that the best of his nation's stock should be the standard glorified by the national Art—all these elements in his memorable address, down to the very notion of a national Art as the glorifier of a type, reveal him and his associates not merely as a new and potent force for the sanitation of European humanity (a force which is now inspiring even our own people), but also certainly as followers of Nietzsche, or, to put it moderately, as influenced by the poet-philosopher's teaching.

Maybe that he would never have presumed, even with Nietzsche behind him, to come forward with such a doctrine at this hour, had he not known that science itself—much more acceptable than Nietzsche to the modern man—was rapidly advancing to the defence of the same position. And the fact that he has found loyal support in scientific quarters in Germany rather confirms this supposition.

Turning now to the legislation of the National-Socialist rulers during the last three years, and all the emphasis it lays on the desirability of sound stock, of preventing inferior or tainted stocks from multiplying, and of eliminating from the ranks of parents all persons who are in any

way hereditarily diseased, we find further confirmation of the Nietzschean influence, and, as I pointed out above, light upon definite proof that the pre-Socratic bias of Nietzsche is at last making itself felt in Germany. Indeed, certain passages from Nietzsche might even now serve as the outline of the National-Socialist programme.

Take for instance, the following :

" There are cases when to have a child would be a crime—for example, for chronic invalids and extreme neurasthenics. These people should be converted to chastity and for this purpose the music of Parsifal might at all events be tried."

Compare this with the Fuehrer's reiterated claim that if in the past voluntary chastity has been constantly demanded of a section of the population for the sake of religion alone, why is it not justifiable to expect and demand voluntary chastity for reasons of devotion to the home-land, of all those whose reproductive efforts would merely extend degeneracy ?

" Society as the trustee of Life," says Nietzsche, " is responsible to Life for every botched existence that comes into this world, and as it has to atone for such lives, it ought to make it impossible for them to see the light of day : it should in many cases actually prevent the act of procreation, and may, without any regard for rank, descent, or intellect, hold in readiness the most rigorous forms of compulsion and restriction, and under certain circumstances, have recourse to castration. The Mosaic law, ' Thou shalt do no murder,' is a piece of ingenuous puerility compared with the earnestness of this forbidding of life to decadents, ' Thou shalt not beget.' For Life itself recognizes no solidarity or equality of rights between the healthy and unhealthy parts of an organism. The latter must at all cost be eliminated, lest the whole fall to pieces. Compassion for decadents, equal rights for the physiologically botched—this would be the very pinnacle of immorality ; it would be setting up Nature's most formidable opponent as morality itself ! "

It is hardly possible to read the above without appreciating the extent to which its light is reflected in the eugenic

legislation and general atmosphere of modern Germany. The details of much of this legislation has already been dealt with in this journal. But the fact that in the Third Reich the husbandman's concept of pity (i.e. as an emotion felt when the sound and valuable plant is in danger of being sacrificed for the unsound or worthless plant) is beginning to take the place of the urbanite's sentimental and unreasoning pity which is felt only for morbid or abnormal existences and is prepared to succour the latter at no matter what cost to the sound—surely that is the plainest proof that Nietzsche's inspiration is at work.

" A medical certificate as a condition of any marriage," said Nietzsche, " endorsed by the parochial authorities, in which a series of questions addressed to the parties and the medical officers must be answered (family histories)." And he made this demand for the marriages of the future.

This has already been realized legislatively, as we have seen, in modern Germany.

Turning now to political forms and the licence permitted in criticizing them, Nietzsche's anti-democratic bias is, of course, well known, as is also the Fuehrer's. According to the latter, and I think rightly, democracy is the precursor of anarchy and communism ; because as the suffrage is extended to the ranks of the ignorant, the purely subjective, and the foolish, who cannot see beyond the limits of their own self-interest, the democratic form of government necessarily leads to a chaotic clash of self-interested groups or sections, who are prepared to see their country perish before they will yield one iota of what they conceive to be their immediate advantage.

According to Nietzsche, democracy must be wrong because it means that the few successful throws of Nature's dice must be swamped by the mediocre, the inferior and the congenitally undesirable.

" I am opposed to parliamentary government and the power of the press," he said, " because they are the means whereby cattle become masters."

But to-day it is even worse than that. The advocates of democracy claim that it is no respecter of persons ; but the real trouble is that it is no *disrespecter* of persons. This

means that parliamentary government is not only a means whereby cattle become masters, but also whereby *sick* and *degenerate* cattle become masters, and everybody, however ill-informed, is led to think that he has a right to discuss any problem.

Throughout the Parteitag the Fuehrer repeatedly emphasized the value to Germany of having rid herself of her democracy, her talking institutions, her overweening loose-lipped chatterboxes, and the voice of degeneracy and impudence at her council table. And here again, like Napoleon, Bismarck, and other eminent political thinkers, he showed his appreciation of silence as a healing force in the life of a wounded, disordered nation. Referring to the sacred years of inarticulate babyhood during which, as we now know, we acquire most of what ultimately determines our character as men, de Quincey spoke of " that mighty silence which infancy is thus privileged by nature and by position to enjoy." Nietzsche, too, was well aware of the value of silence and enjoins on those who would recover wisdom the duty of emulating the Pythagoreans.

But in a democracy the noise of chatter never ceases, the tongue of the nation never rests, and the impudence of degenerate nonentities is pampered and defended. When, therefore, the Fuehrer repeatedly assures Germany of the benefits of her silence, if only as a therapeutic measure, and points to the advantage which, as the silent nation, she now enjoys over all the vociferous and chattering nations of Western democracy, he once more reveals, if not the Nietzschean influence, at least a deep sympathy with the ideas of the latter-day German sage.

Jane Austen: Limitations or Defects?

By A. R. Turpin

'Vice, adventure, passion were left outside. But of all the prosiness, of all the littleness, she evades nothing and nothing is slurred over.' (Virginia Woolf, *The Common Reader*.) 'The field may in a sense be 'narrow'—no more than the little bit (two inches wide) of ivory to which the author refers in one of her letters—but the result within that field is unique. Miss Austen realizes her personages completely; she seems to know them minutely from their cradles to their graves.' (Austin Dobson, Introduction to *Pride and Prejudice*.)

No tribute is less necessary at the present moment than one to Jane Austen's particular virtues as a novelist. Agreement on them is so general—amongst those who care for her at all, that, after a passing salute of entire conformity one may proceed at once, to another consideration upon which critical opinion has been hardly less unanimous: that of the limitations by which the sum of her virtues must be qualified.

Vice, adventure, passion were left outside; our authoress cannot be criticized for what she has not attempted. But suppose one or two mildly vicious characters *have* been included (it is difficult to write stories without them)? Here would be matter for scrutiny. And suppose further that those included characters had been unsatisfactorily realized? These would constitute, I think, not limitations but definite defects.

The question is therefore: are there any such unsuccessful characters? Unfortunately, so it seems to me, there are. In nearly every novel I come across certain figures which do not to me quite 'come off,' which do not come alive. At first sight they are not apparently very important ones; they are on the scene far less than any of the comic characters, which are one of Jane Austen's chief glories. Yet on closer examination it will be found that while none

of these comic characters is really indispensable to the book in which he or she appears, all the unsuccessful characters are. Thus while their failure very little impedes our pleasure during the reading of the novel it becomes important when a critical estimate of the whole has to be made ; and this must be my justification for a rather severe survey of them. But let me immediately give my list.

I would classify as mainly unsatisfactory characters : Wickham (*Pride and Prejudice*), Willoughby (*Sense and Sensibility*), General Tilney (*Northanger Abbey*), Frank Churchill, Jane Fairfax (*Emma*), and Mr. Elliot (*Persuasion*) ; as partially unsatisfactory characters : Darcy, Bingley (*Pride and Prejudice*), Edward Ferrars (*Sense and Sensibility*) and, very occasionally, Mr. Knightley (*Emma*) and Captain Wentworth (*Persuasion*). The reader will have noted that all those in the first category serve the function of villains (for even Jane Fairfax is drawn by her association with Frank Churchill into this arm of the plot) ; all in the second are heroes.

Let us now look more closely at some of these characters. This is the way in which Wickham, for example, is first presented. Jane and Elizabeth Bennet are walking in Meryton High Street when their attention is caught by ' a young man . . . of most gentlemanlike appearance, walking with an officer. . . . ' The officer proves to be an acquaintance and a few minutes later he ' entreated permission to introduce his friend, Mr. Wickham, who . . . had accepted a commission in their corps. This was exactly as it should be ; for the young man wanted only regimentals to make him completely charming. His appearance was greatly in his favour ; he had the best part of beauty, a fine countenance, a good figure, and very pleasing address. The introduction was followed up on his side by a happy readiness of conversation—a readiness at the same time perfectly correct and unassuming, etc'.

It should be noted that from this introduction onwards we are not permitted a glimpse of this character's thoughts and that the authoress never gives us her own comment on him. What then, as diligent, perceptive readers, waiting for impressions, are we to think of him ? Since he cannot be

judged from within he must be judged from without. Is he the hero? He seems pleasant—and good-looking—enough to be. Yet two minutes later he is slighted by another character, Darcy. Well, he may be in the wrong over some private affair or Darcy may be in the wrong; we cannot say. Then he tells Elizabeth his story and he does so, is, it seems, forced to do so, very much at the expense of this Darcy, of whom both we and Elizabeth have had occasion not to think too well. What is one to make of Wickham now? Nothing from the outside. He continues to seem perfectly genuine—not a look or a trait is described which would make him appear otherwise—and our only help is that from our authoress's *tone* towards Darcy we were not prepared to think quite so ill of him. This impression, this tendency still to believe rather in Darcy, continues and deepens; for Elizabeth recounts what she has heard to Jane and Jane listens "in astonishment and concern; she knew not how to believe that Mr. Darcy could be so unworthy of Mr. Bingley's regard"—she is interested, it will be remembered in Bingley—"and yet it was not in her nature to question the veracity of a young man of such amiable appearance as Wickham."

'. . . "They have both," said she, "been deceived, I dare say in some way or other. . . ."'

But Elizabeth will not listen. '"I can much more easily believe in Mr. Bingley's being imposed on, than that Mr. Wickham should invent such a history of himself as he gave me last night. . . ."'

'"It is difficult indeed—it is distressing. One does not know what to think."'

'"I beg your pardon; one knows exactly what to think."'

Here, probably, from the mere inclusion of such a scene, the Austen connoisseur takes the hint; Wickham is perhaps not what he seems, for it is one of our authoress's most cherished effects that we should be just half a chapter ahead of the heroine in our guesses. Yet I very much doubt whether a reader coming to *Pride and Prejudice* for the *first* time and not knowing Jane Austen's method would take this hint. And even if we, the more prepared, do guess that

Wickham may not be what he seems, we still do not know what he *is*.

He now ingratiates himself with Elizabeth and begins to pay her attention. Happily, although continuing to like him, she remains heart-whole. Then suddenly his attentions cease and he is observed to have transferred them to a rich heiress. Our doubtful impression of him now deepens still further. He may have been untruthful, it certainly looks as if he is mercenary ; and even Elizabeth now agrees to the latter conclusion, although she professes not to be, and is not much affected.

Still what *is* Wickham ? We are soon at last to know ; but it is, one notes, already more than half way through the book. Darcy proposes to Elizabeth and is rejected partly on the score of his alleged ill-treatment of Wickham. Then in a letter of immense length he explains with sufficient circumstantial detail to be immediately convincing that Wickham's story is indeed untrue ; that the young man is not only a liar, but that in the past he has been provedly idle, extravagant, and dissolute, that he had even attempted to persuade Darcy's sister, aged fifteen, into an elopement.

Now at last we do know what Wickham is. We have not been *shown* him in action, which would give our knowledge an authority of its own, but we have, what is the next best thing, been told about him by some one who has that authority—by an approved character of the author's. And from now on we also know what to expect of him ; his elopement with Lydia comes as no great surprise, it is in character. Yet how far, one reflects, has the young man travelled from our original impression of him : he was so handsome and apparently so open. Would one quite have believed it ?

But whether one believes it or not at the end there is no denying that for the greater part of the book Wickham as a completely realized character hardly exists. Are we ever present with him at *one* moment, as we are with Elizabeth at a hundred, when he is making up his mind about anything, hovering between even a relative good and evil, becoming for that moment, it need not be a long

one to establish him, a human being? Are we even sure, since this intimacy is not granted, that his outward appearance is to be judged correctly? And if it be argued that in the end, looking back and collecting all the author's hints, remembering what he said and what he did, we are able to put together a sort of jig-saw picture of him with every bit, every motive, correctly in place and accounted for, yet how very flat, lifeless and conventional that picture is.

I do not find the other villains essentially more satisfactory. Willoughby, 'frank and graceful' of manner, nevertheless jilts Marianne, marries an heiress, and only at the end of the novel explains, in a speech of interminable length, that although he had always loved Marianne, he had not found himself sufficiently strong in character to go against the wishes of his patroness-relative, Mrs. Smith, in marrying a girl without fortune. General Tilney, idiosyncratic but apparently well disposed towards Catherine and to the possibility of her marrying his son, invites her to Northanger Abbey, then inexplicably, almost brutally turns her from the house—a course of conduct finally explained by Henry Tilney as due to the fact that his father had believed Catherine to possess expectations. Frank Churchill ('a very good-looking young man,' who appears 'quick and sensible') makes love to Emma, appears to despise Jane Fairfax but finally becomes betrothed to the latter, explaining—in a letter of immense length—that his apparent caddishness of behaviour towards Emma was caused by the necessity of concealing the secret engagement to Jane of which his aunt would have disapproved. Mr. Elliot, 'handsome,' 'polished,' 'easy,' 'agreeable,' seems, were her affections free, an eligible parti for Anne, until she learns from an old acquaintance—in, need one say, a very long speech—that his conduct in the past has been entirely worldly and mercenary.

These then are the villains and to resume, from a purely technical point of view, it will be noted that they are all throughout each novel seen entirely from the outside, nearly all have a secret to hide, and all, apart from a few hints given by the authoress as we proceed, require themselves or somebody else at the end to 'explain' them.

I find them unsatisfactory ; but it might at this juncture be asked, compared with what ? With the five delicately and fully drawn heroines of the five novels mentioned ?—but of that supreme lack of satisfactoriness some indication has already been given. With any of the comic characters ? '" *You* want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it,"' says Mr. Bennet to his wife and becomes in the first chapter more alive than Wickham throughout a book. But this again were too easy a victory ; and, as we remember, none of the comic characters is a major one. Let me for comparison turn then to another character who *is* indispensible to the book in which he appears, and who is also a villain, to Henry Crawford in the sixth novel we have not yet mentioned, *Mansfield Park*.

How very different, how very much more exact, are our first impressions of him. Before he arrives on the scene we learn that ' to anything like a permanence of abode, or limitation of society, Henry Crawford had, unluckily, a great dislike.' Then his sister herself describes him (and a sister should know) : '" He is the most horrible flirt that can be imagined. If your Miss Bertrams do not like to have their hearts broken let them avoid Henry."' Lastly the authoress gives us his thoughts or more subtly his subconscious thoughts and her own comment on them. ' Mr. Crawford did not mean to be in any danger ! The Miss Bertrams were worth pleasing, and were ready to be pleased ; and he began with no object but of making them like him. He did not want them to die of love ; but with sense and temper which ought to have made him judge and feel better, he allowed himself great latitude on such points.'

Here at last is a villain who is comprehensible. We are actually ' with ' him and we are advancing into the future with him and in the lively expectancy of wondering how a character known to us will develop. Moreover, here is a person with impulses rather than stock motives. ' He begins with no object but '—like most of us in most of our actions.

Alas, Henry Crawford does not quite live up to these expectations. He is rather tentatively handled ; only now and then do we get a further glimpse behind him. ' He went

for a fortnight . . . a fortnight of sufficient leisure . . . to convince the gentleman that he ought to keep longer away, had he been more in the habit of examining his own motives.' For the rest he is mainly revealed in scene and dialogue; but that dialogue *is* revealing and not concealing and when, later in the book, a new impulse seizes him we are left in no doubt as to what it is.

'"And how do you think I mean to amuse myself, Mary," he asks his sister, "on the days I do not hunt?'" . . . '"To walk and ride with me, to be sure."'

'"Not exactly, although I shall be happy to do both. . . . No, my plan is to make Fanny Price in love with me."'

Here is no more than a sketch for a character. Nevertheless that character is potentially present and without alteration of what stands could have been developed by a hundred touches. Henry Crawford, so far as he goes, is real.

And now after Wickham and the villains, I should like to have a look at my other category, at those but partially satisfactory characters, the heroes. Of these, since he is probably the most familiar, let us take Darcy.

He begins excellently. We meet him at a ball, he behaves ungraciously, in particular to the heroine, and we then get a firm comment from the authoress in the shape of a general contrast between him and his friend. 'In understanding, Darcy was the superior. Bingley was by no means deficient, but Darcy was clever. He was at the same time haughty, reserved, and fastidious, and his manners, though well-bred, were not inviting. . . . Darcy was continually giving offence.'

So far so good; but, even better, we are presently given his thoughts as he observes Elizabeth. 'Mr. Darcy had at first scarcely allowed her to be pretty; he had looked at her without admiration at the ball; and when they next met, he looked at her only to criticize. But no sooner had he made it clear to himself and his friends that she had scarcely a good feature in her face than he began to find it was rendered uncommonly intelligent by the beautiful expression of the dark eyes,' etc.

Altogether one is reasonably interested in Darcy, and perhaps more so in the situation of so proud a young man attracted to a girl below his station. And we continue thus

expectantly, at one moment in Elizabeth's confidence, at the next in his, until he and Bingley arrive on the scene just after that first introduction of Wickham. And then what happens? 'Mr. Darcy . . . was beginning to determine not to fix his eyes on Elizabeth, when they were suddenly arrested by the sight of the stranger, and *Elizabeth happening to see the countenance of both* (my italics) as they looked at each other, was all astonishment at the effect of the meeting. Both changed colour, one looked white, the other red. Mr. Wickham, after a few moments, touched his hat—a salutation which Mr. Darcy just deigned to return.'

What has happened is that in the middle of the same sentence the viewpoint has suddenly swerved; we have left Darcy and gone to Elizabeth, have exchanged the double viewpoint for the single. 'What could be the meaning of it?' she goes on. What indeed, for from this moment our behind-the-scene intimacy with Darcy never returns. When next we meet him at a dance and Elizabeth has tried to provoke him on the subject of Wickham, all we get is: 'A deeper shade of hauteur overspread his features, but he said not a word.' A poor exchange, one thinks, for the gentleman's confidences. He has, in fact, joined Wickham and the puppets, he is the misunderstood hero, or the hero who won't explain at the right moment. In relation to Elizabeth, since we have once known his thoughts, everything he says and does still has a certain heightened value; in relation to the secret, until he explains it, and then in relation to his extraordinary change of conduct, until he explains *that* ('"Your reproof so well applied, I never shall forget. 'Had you behaved in a more gentlemanlike manner'"'), he remains complete cardboard.

There is a Darcy and an explanation, sentimental or otherwise, in four out of the other five novels. It is enough, I think, to say that they all succeed or fail for similar reasons: they succeed when we know, or when it is perfectly obvious from their dialogue, what is going on in their minds; they fail when for some reason their hands or tongues must be tied. But not one is anything approaching

a 'straight' portrait. For such a character we must again turn to *Mansfield Park*. Edmund Bertram is neither so interesting nor so glamorous a figure as Darcy; but he is a more consistently believable one. We know him from the very first scene when still a boy he consoles little Fanny Price on the stairs: '"My dear young cousin," said he with all the gentleness of an excellent nature, "what can be the matter?" And sitting down by her he was at great pains to overcome her shame at being so surprised, and persuaded her to speak openly.' We grow up with him and observe his 'strong good sense and uprightness of mind.' And we are not absent when he deviates from that standard. 'Edmund was sorry to hear Miss Crawford, whom he was much disposed to admire, speak so freely of her uncle. It did not suit his sense of propriety, and he was silenced, till induced by further smiles and liveliness, to put the matter by for the present.' Needless to say Edmund, too, is not a full portrait; much of him is exhibited by inference, in dialogue. But when the necessary moment to go behind him comes, he is not shirked. So far as he goes he is a real character. Perhaps if he seems less glamorous or interesting than Darcy it is because we do know him better!

. . . . . .

I believe, as I have tried to show, that the ability to make a character 'come alive' is not just a gift to the author but partly a technical matter for him, and one therefore which can be analysed and demonstrated. Whether when that character has been brought alive we like him or feel he is worthy of life is another question and one which will be dealt with later. For the moment we return to ask the following:

Why, if it be agreed that Henry Crawford and Edmund Bertram are potential successes and that there is no such potentiality in Wickham and the villains and very little in Darcy and the heroes, did Jane Austen choose to draw the majority of her principal male characters in this way—that is from the outside? Was it because she did not *really* understand them? Possibly, and that is another question which will be considered later. Yet she surely understood

Jane Fairfax and Jane Fairfax is the one young woman in all the novels who does not ' come off.'

No, the immediate answer is far simpler : that these characters should be drawn from the outside is essential to the plot.

Let us turn aside for a moment and consider the construction of the average Austen novel, *Mansfield Park* again excepted. The curtain goes up and a number of characters face us—the Bennets, the Elliots, the Dashwoods, the Woodhouses. They are generally a family and they know other families in the neighbourhood—the Lucases, the Musgroves, the Middletons (rapidly introduced) and the whole village of Highbury. These characters, their antecedents and characteristics, are described by the authoress in person or they reveal themselves characteristically in dialogue and are commented on. Then gradually the heroine, Elizabeth Bennet, Anne Elliot, Elinor Dashwood, Emma Woodhouse, detaches herself. She is present at nearly every scene, that is at every development of the action, or she has such developments reported to her ; and in the main it is only her thoughts which are revealed to us. (Of course we do not follow her ' stream of consciousness ' ; Jane Austen was unaware of that slovenly device. The heroine's thoughts are always kept at a proper distance from us and are referred when necessary to the firmer standards of her creator.) Thus, since Elizabeth or Anne knows everything that we know about the Bennets or the Elliots and the other characters of her background, those characters are not only facing us but her and the action may be said to be seen from her point of view. In a word, with every appearance and decoration of objectivity the construction of the novels in mainly subjective.

This becomes increasingly evident when new characters are introduced. Whom do they face ?—everybody ; but since the heroine is present and hers are the only thoughts to be revealed, it is mainly, of course with comments in dialogue from the others, her impression of them which we receive. Now if the new character is a comic character like Mr. Collins he will face Elizabeth, but since his remarks are utterly self-revealing in their folly he will at the same time

face to the four winds and accordingly to us. Thus having 'passed through' Elizabeth for the sake of unity of treatment Mr. Collins achieves objectivity and can be commented on directly by the authoress. (As indeed she does: 'Mr. Collins was not a sensible man. . . .')

But now supposing the new character is not a comic one, supposing he is Wickham or Darcy. Both also face Elizabeth but neither, as in life, is so immediately revealing. Accordingly Darcy, if he is to be understood beyond his mere pride, which is obvious, must be helped a little; and we therefore receive some private information on the subject from the authoress. But supposing it were fatal to the plot—as Jane Austen conceived her plots—for us to know everything of his thoughts or anything of those of Wickham. Then—for simplicity's sake I will deal only with Wickham, whose case is the more serious—then he must remain unexplained; he must face her and we must get what we can of him over her shoulder. And this indeed is what happens. He does face her and it is her guesses at his past history, disposition, motives, actions, together with her reactions and the complications of Darcy, equally mysterious, therein, which broadly speaking constitute the plot.

In a word if Wickham were a satisfactory character—for a character can only be 'brought alive' in two ways: by being self-revealing or by being revealed—there would be no plot.

Before pushing this conclusion further I should like to turn momentarily aside and examine a question which at once and very obviously presents itself. Namely that if it be true to say 'were Wickham a satisfactory character there would be no plot,' is it also true to say that every subjectively framed plot must have at least one unsatisfactory character?—that no novel written in the first person, which is to carry subjectivity one stage further than Jane Austen does, can be a complete work of art? But this, if one condition be granted, is obviously not the case. Whatever faults the great novels written in this form may suffer from it is not necessarily from this. But the condition to be granted is an important one. It is that no subjective novel to be readable is really subjective at all.

That is to say the " I " who writes is either a person capable of forming objective conclusions, immediately about the people he knows, or within a reasonable time about the people he meets ; or he is made purposely incapable so that we may form our conclusions over his head ; objectivity in either case is the result. But, in order to give a complete impression, it is more than ever necessary that the author beyond the " I " should play fair ; he must see with absolute clarity ; he must even help a little. (For example when Proust is first describing *la dame en rose* or M. de Charlus he records a number of details concerning their appearance which for the moment convey nothing to the " I " who is narrating and which in all probability he would only have noted subconsciously—but this is part of the convention. The important thing is that to us these details make the two characters immediately clear.)

It may be argued that the five Austen novels fall into one of the foregoing categories : that the heroines are occasionally imperceptive and that we form our conclusions over their heads. This is to a certain degree true : that we should be just half a chapter ahead of Elizabeth, or more particularly of Emma, is, as we have noted, one of our authoress's best effects. But I do not think that such a conclusion would be essentially true ; for as a matter of fact these heroines are far too intelligent for this method ; they are only *half* a chapter behind and if the truth were perceptible they would perceive it almost as quickly as we do.

If the truth were perceptible. But is it ? *Has* the authoress played fair ? It is human to believe that if Wickham had been really idle, dissolute and vicious some trace of these vices would have been painted on his features or would have been discernible in conversation ; and it is certain as we have seen that Elizabeth would not be the last to notice them. Is any visible or discernible ? None. And we return to our former conclusion enriched by another observation : not only must these characters not reveal themselves too easily but they must deliberately deceive us, some of the descriptive truth about them must be withheld, which is as much as to say distorted.

These seem to be regrettable facts to face about a great writer; and they lead to a final, more regrettable conclusion. Since these novels, structurally considered, do not belong to the normal subjective class with its overtones of objectivity, they must belong to another super-subjective class; that is to say, although clothed in the most exquisite observation of manners and in the most delicate gradations of feeling and characterization where the exposition of the heroine is concerned, since they depend for that exposition and for the general development of the plot, not in the main on any clash of temperament with temperament, or of temperament with circumstances, but as we have seen on a long series of guesses about a character who has been made purposely deceptive or about one who has been but partially revealed, therefore on a long series of surprises, they are, always structurally considered, more or less detective novels.

And rarely in that sense can they have been better done. With the simplest means, the arrival of a party of callers, the sudden departure of a young man from the neighbourhood, Jane Austen creates an almost intolerable excitement and suspense. What then is one grumbling at?

Merely that, in one's humble opinion, structural surprise —for good characterization frequently surprises us—has no place in a work of art. There are several reasons why it has not, but for the moment it is enough to state the one which has arisen from our observations: that the price paid for surprise is too great, since it demands in its creation the sacrifice of true characterization and is inseparable in its reaction from patches of flat explanation. What has ever been duller than the last five minutes of a detective play? Such moments can be disguised in a novel; in the theatre, with their fingers on the pulse of an audience's interest, they know them at their true value and gabble them through while we are feeling for our hats.

Since a generalization about the nature of the novel has been made—they are difficult to avoid—one may rightly be asked: what structurally *is* its proper function? Why surely to illustrate those very factors which were missing: the clash of temperament with temperament, of tempera-

ment with circumstances, such clashes illuminated from whichever point or series of points may be necessary to show them—not explain them—in their whole truth. For examples of such novels we might turn to those of Tolstoy, Balzac, Flaubert or George Eliot ; but as a matter of fact amongst the six of Jane Austen there is in embryo one which will serve the point : it is again *Mansfield Park*.

Mansfield Park is the only structurally objective novel which Jane Austen attempted—whether consciously or otherwise. Naturally the heroine, Fanny Price, predominates ; she is present at most scenes, but not at all. Sometimes, as we have noted, we are alone with Edmund Bertram or Henry Crawford, seeing what is happening from their point of view ; at other times, *when the truthful presentation of the narrative demands*, we are taken behind Maria or Julia Bertram, or their father, or Mary Crawford. In fact, we are watching the narrative from on high, not over the shoulder of some person from whom the truth is liable to be hidden ; thus we know all the characters and our interest, as in most great novels and in all great drama, is the supreme one of observing how they will react to each other or to circumstances, of wondering—surely suspense and excitement enough—how the narrative will *develop*—not, the point cannot be repeated too often, be explained.

Alas, the strain of this method—and to tell the truth it is a great strain, which is why so few novelists attempt it—proved too much for our authoress ; two-thirds through the novel she sweeps Maria and Julia off to London, Fanny to Portsmouth, and the rest of the action is described to Fanny in a series of letters ! Nevertheless, although the viewpoint is now subjective, it is not subjective-detective ; it never, however roundabout the method, deviates from *showing* us the truth. Thus when Henry Crawford spoils his chances of Fanny by weakly flirting with the married Maria, when Mary Crawford disillusionizes Edmund by commenting merely on the social ' folly ' of Maria's leaving her husband for Henry, nothing has been explained to us ; it is about what we expected. The action starting from various premises has resolved itself.

Mansfield Park is a more adult, a more serious piece of

work than any other Austen novel; is it, one has has the right to ask, necessarily a greater? I do not think so. A novel may be technically perfect in every part, every character in it may come alive; but for our final judgment of a fiction, our feeling about those characters, about the total gesture of the book, comes into play and we may be obliged to sacrifice a general excellence for a greater excellence in parts with some faults—it is so often necessary. Thus those who prefer *Pride and Prejudice* to *Mansfield Park* may be entirely right—it is more 'Austen,' I think I prefer it or at any rate *Persuasion* myself—but we must nevertheless recognize that *Mansfield Park* is *potentially* a greater book.

It is perhaps not too far off our path to enquire whether those five detective novels could have been transformed and improved. I am so bold as to think they could. They could have been treated to a process of Shakespearization—for the principles of good novel-writing are nearer those of the drama than some novelists care to believe. How would Shakespeare have handled these rather artificial little plots, what would have been *his* first care after the entry of Wickham? Why, to 'place' him, to bring him alive; and we should immediately have had a soliloquy or a short scene between him and Darcy to reveal the past. Would this have spoiled the story? To my mind it would have improved it for, in addition to giving us a full character in Wickham where now there is none, we should have watched Elizabeth's mistakes—and Emma's; what a joy that would have been—with an ironic, but not necessarily unkindly, interest which they now only partially afford us. Yes, full dramatic irony is the great gift which ought to have been Jane Austen's as a superb comedy writer. She has it, of course, when we are beginning to guess that Wickham and Frank Churchill are 'wrong'; she has it in retrospect when we look back on her books; and she has it in advance when we are going to reread them; but none of these is quite the same thing.

She sacrifices this possibility—I do not doubt unconsciously—for the more meretricious interests of the surprise. Did she doubt her ability to hold her readers otherwise? Or were Wickham and Darcy—it would not be wonderful—

really enigmas to her; one remembers that the original title of *Pride and Prejudice* was, as it ought to have remained, *First Impressions*—the first impressions of a young girl before the incomprehensible male? Or was there yet another barrier, a moral one, which gave her a distaste from probing too deeply into, at any rate, her Wickhams, since, as A. C. Bradley suggested in partial explanation of the failure of Jane Fairfax, she was even reluctant to claim immediate sympathy for a girl who could let herself be secretly engaged?

Such questions are lost in the springs of the creative impulse. One can only regret her decision or her necessity for, while again saluting her incomparable achievement, criticism must recognize that since Wickham and Darcy and Jane Fairfax are 'in' the novels, their incomplete realization does represent not merely a limitation but a defect.

Two Silent Revolutions

By Collin Brooks

SHARING with the readers of this *Review* the grave misfortune of not having been born in the days of that great man, the younger Pitt, I am compelled to abstain from apt classical allusion or quotation. Forbidden

"Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,"

not Uplian but Kipling must serve my need. Riven, as everybody has been, by the events of December, I must excuse an approach to their memory which may seem unfeeling by the frank, though borrowed, avowal, that—

> Much I owe to the Lands that grew,
> More to the lives that fed,
> But most to Allah Who gave me two
> Separate sides to my head.

Like any man bred in the tradition of Monarchy I give loyalty to the Office, whoever may be its occupant. Like any man of imagination at this time, I give to the new occupant of the Throne a particular and peculiar sympathy. For the King over the water I had a strong affection, a sentimental attachment which grew from very unusual circumstances.

But, as a student of business and finance, and a professional commentator and expounder of these matters, I would be less than honest if I did not record a conviction that the happiest ending to a tragic situation was abdication.

Had any "formula" been possible, had both the Dominions and the Catholic pockets in the various communities been able to assent to a Morganatic marriage, which meant to them the condonation of the King's living matrimonally with another man's wife, the effect could only have been a perpetual uncertainity. At any sign of a hitch in State business there would have spread the rumour that some new exhibition of incompatibility between King and Premier had developed, and gilt-edged would have shed a point or two and industrials would have been temporarily robbed of business. There would have been an uneasy feeling that such incompatibility had been augmented. The State might have continued to work under the

fiction that a Constitutional Monarch acts primly on the advice of his Ministers and that the personality of the King must never be dragged into politics, but the fiction would have become too patent for comfort.

I am not concerned in this place with any discussion of the view that the politicians in concert leaned against and broke a ruler who threatened to rule although on that I hold a view. I am still less concerned with any wild and whirling suggestion that behind the triumph of Baldwin was the Machiavellian working of "international finance." But I *am* concerned to register the impression that the distressing episode proved again that in Britain, whoever rules, Trade must always be king. Whether the infatuation of the King for Mrs. Simpson need or need not have led to a crisis, whether more sane handling of the early stages of the royal romance by the British Cabinet and the British Press might or might not have avoided the necessity for the last terrible choice between Mrs. Simpson or the sceptre, are now questions of academic debate. What remains is that once the Imperial attachment became imperilled, once a disruption of that connection menaced the very lives and livelihoods of millions of citizens who depend on a complex and artificial trade connection, the King was defeated. The quite fallacious feeling that somehow there had arisen a fight between King and People aroused something very old and deep in many parts of Britain: the feeling that a political junta was endeavouring to coerce a monarch aroused a similar feeling in other parts and sections. But what affected the realists' minds was that once the deadlock was established, the Imperial connection was in jeopardy and had to be saved.

It is because of this that one side of the head abominates the thought of abdication while the other sees in it the only sound solution to the problem of the King's bedchamber.

This survey is (of technical necessity) written some time before markets have had a chance to show their real reaction, but there seems every reason to suppose that with an Empire trying its utmost to anneal the wound of one King's abdication by help and devotion to his successor sufficient certainty should be attained to enable the home

boom to roar upwards again until such time as God and the big battalions or man and the trade returns bring it down again. Most certainly there is no apparent reason why the general investor should not put his money into local breweries, iron and steels, South American railways, commodity shares and aircraft in the fond expectation of seeing a profit before Budget month, when all will again be on the hazard, or before the overseas trade position, on worse figures for November and December, deflates the markets in the way suggested here a month ago.

* * *

Such an episode as a clash between Monarch and Ministers cannot but have a lasting effect in many ways. One way will be that some uneasy money and a good deal of resting American money will be likely to recross the Atlantic.

During December Wall Street was irregular with an inclination to allow industrials to drop, but with a strong demand for the lower priced securities. The economic position in the United States still shows a genuine trade recovery, which began with the replacement demand and the need to take care of structures and plant neglected for four years. After the election, buying orders that had awaited any temporary fall caused the Roosevelt victory to show as a " bull point " and the leading industrials were somewhat overbought. A natural desire to adjust such overbought positions had undoubtedly accounted for the irregularity, which will almost certainly be followed by an upward trend, if not an upward rush.

How far the drain of money to participate in this rising market will check the English home position cannot be gauged in advance, but one's own guess is that its effect here will hardly be apparent.

* * *

In the clamour of political and constitutional crises and the excitement of promising markets on two sides of the Atlantic, it is difficult to keep a clear mind on the much larger and deeper trends that are affecting industry and finance. The economic historian, who has the perspective

that only perspective can give, will assuredly detect in the last lustrum and the coming decade of our history two silent revolutions. One is that inaugurated by the unexpected success of the Fixed and Flexible Trusts, now known as Unit Trusts. The other is that caused by the steady swing of the industrial nations towards the forty-hour week.

When the first Fixed Trust was introduced to Britain, its reception was not enthusiastic. It might almost be said to have had from Britain the frosted mitt. In the face of much journalistic depreciation the new form of investment for the small saver made a quick conquest. The history of the movement, and its later impingement upon the legislative mind, need not be rehearsed here.

What is important to note is the place that this success takes in the development of investment in these islands.

If I may repeat what I have spoken and written in various places for some eight years past, there can be no doubt that when the Coalition Governments placed their propaganda power behind the drive for War Loan and Victory Loan they effected a strange psychological change in the masses of the people.

The British people until that time had been accustomed to place their savings into bricks and mortar. They even coined the folk-saying "as safe as houses." They were wedded in affection to cottage property. Their alternative was usually the savings bank, or its equivalent.

But the weight of the Government weaned them from tangible assets or deposits into a confidence in paper.

Between a piece of War Loan with its small yield and a piece of somebody's paper with a higher yield was only a difference of avarice and/or courage.

The slump of 1929 with its effect on the dud companies of 1928 checked the buying of securities but it did not reverse the educational process. The public was used to holding paper.

Fixed Trusts that promised safety by spreading money over a portfolio of known securities could hardly fail to be attractive to small investors.

Apart from questions of management and technique, which now occupy Stock Exchange experts and Parlia-

mentarians, the main criticism of these trusts has been that on a rising market they are excellent, but that on a strongly falling market they will intensify a slump. The investor who has worshipped the fetish of security by spread will lose his *morale* and precipitate such a wave of selling that nothing will be able to resist its weightful force.

We have not yet had a slump to test this, but we have had one or two slumplets, and they have demonstrated that far from augmenting a fall, the trusts actually hold up the market. In normal phases they certainly introduce to the stock markets money that would otherwise go elsewhere, and not only through the actual sub-unit buyers. The fact that good Unit Trusts include in their portfolios known shares gives those shares a cachet, and those who have sufficient investment funds to make it more economical to buy individual " packets " rather than pay the loading charge which a trust must impose, follow the trusts into such securities.

It is, of course, quite true that some abnormal risings of industrial leaders have been caused by the trusts making the market bare of scrip, that a market level can be artificially elevated in this way. But as Unit Trusts cater for investors who, presumably, buy to hold for the life of the trust, the deflation of such a position is unlikely to be either sudden or swift. The very fault of the trusts has the virtue of ironing out what otherwise might be nasty fluctuations.

In any event, they have added to the work of War Loan vendors in making the nation " stock market conscious," and as almost every investor is also a voter we can expect the reformation of Company Law—whenever Mr. Runciman will agree that such is one of the crying needs of both industry and investors—and the control of the trusts themselves will be followed with much more attention than the mighty ones of the city and Whitehall may at present think probable.

It is also evident that whereas a reliance on the old principle that the duty of Government is to enforce contracts and preserve order might have satisfied most of us half a generation ago, the partial education of small savers in stock buying now demands a closer supervision of the

traffic in shares than would otherwise be necessary. " The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's," as the poet sang, is to discover that perhaps unhappy but workable mean between an undue limitation of the flow of investment money to industry and an undue temptation to rogues or careless fellows to repeat the deadly work of 1929 by again through fraud and folly driving small money away from the use of enterprise.

* * *

The second of the silent revolutions of the 1930's drives deeper : its effects will be more permanent. I am again constrained to apologize to my editor, and to any who may have heard me delivering the milk of the word on this matter from the platforms of learned professional bodies or the brass foot-rails of more convivial forums, for reiteration. The second silent revolution—pregnant with change for financial practice—is that the mind of the white world towards the unemployment is steadily turning. The Luddities, Samuel Butler who cursed machines, the ca' canny trades unionists of the 1900's and the derided Technocrats of President Roosevelt's first days in America aroused the ire of their respective generations by the suggestion that labour saving machines which were not allowed to save labour must mean unemployed men. Mr. Henry Ford, unsullied in his economic outlook by the dust of dons, somewhat irritated his fellow magnates when many years ago he mildly suggested that, unless the producers of consumable goods had time to consume, there must inevitably be alternate phases of glut and shortage, of slump and boom. Official economics and official finance, clinging to the curse of Adam as if it were the blessing of a fairy godmother, in an age of beneficent machinery and scientific application have insisted upon bewailing the rise of unemployment merely because they insist upon seeing unemployment. They have shrunk from the vision that one day a Minister of Labour may rise in his place and apologetically say, " Mr. Speaker, sir, I announce with sincere regret that His Majesty's Government have allowed the unemployment figures this month to fall by 10 per cent., but we trust that by next

month 90 per cent., of the population will again be in enjoyment of full leisure. The rise is entirely due to the need to instal a number of new plants which when installed will give us an increased output of necessary products with a decreased ' hourage ' of machine minding."

In other words, there has so far been an obstinate refusal to substitute for the phrase " the unemployment problem " the more exact phrase " the distribution of leisure question."

But from proceedings (more or less bloody) in France and (bloodless) at Geneva and Westminster, it is clear that a political determination will with increasing speed force upon economics a short working week, a short working day, or—a short working life. The National Government has already begun to lop sections of twelve months from the beginning of the working life and talks of providing pensions at an earlier stage of the end of working lives.

If this trend means anything, it means that in the future the turnover of enterprises which make goods or offer services consumed by the masses will increase at a rapid ratio. All the accessory trades and industries will benefit. The aid of such institutions as the United Dominions Trust, which helps purchases, by making them possible out of revenue without the time-lag between desire and saving, will be increasingly used. Newspaper reading will increase, and the amusement paper, from some of the lighter dailies to the weekly film periodicals, will eat more and more newsprint, with a consequent reaction for the good on distressed areas like Newfoundland and recovering tracts like Quebec, to say nothing of prosperous entities like Sweden and Finland. Amusement caterers, clothiers, outfitters, automotive and cycle makers, sweetmeat manufacturers—all these should derive from increased leisure an enormous stimulus.

How far can that augmented turnover be contemplated without terror ? As I wrote last month, home prosperity always means in these islands unbalanced trade, for so many of the simple luxuries of the small income drawer are imported. Leisure to consume will have the same effect. But this apart, the effect should not be a very greatly increased consumption of real wealth. What most people buy with their money is a very small portion of wealth and a very

large amount of service. When, for example, the ninepence for a bottle of beer has been turned over and over, and every functionary who aids the primary producer to sell his product to the ultimate consumer has turned over his fraction, it is obvious that the amount of real wealth consumed by them all is infinitesimal. The amount of wood and turf and iron turnstile and textile fabric consumed by twenty-two football players, one referee and ten thousand spectators during an afternoon is hardly discernible.

The almost certainty of increased consuming leisure—bating, always, a world catastrophe—means two things. It means for the investor and the entrepreneur a new prosperity from that range of companies that I have already indicated and it means for the statesman another angle to the problem of how to close the gap in the overseas trade figures expanded by growing imports plus the more intricate problem of how best to bountify exports so that increased labour costs, where they are a preponderating factor, may not drive us from competitive markets, and so further increase the import-export gap on the other side of the balance sheet.

It is, indeed, to this position that we are driven back whether we survey current, and possibly passing, symptoms of malaise or those deeper metabolic tendencies of the public body whose symptoms are not so obtrusive.

The prime remedy lies in *Weltpolitik*—the abandonment of national suspicions, the stabilization of currency, the consequent readiness to abandon artificialities, and the general restoration thereby of world trade. It is a remedy the application of which is not within sight.

Because that remedy is not yet brewed, we have at least a right to ask that we shall be told what palliatives are to be used, whether the blisterings of Mr. Runciman or the bleedings of Mr. Chamberlain or the cold-water compresses of Mr. Montagu Norman.

Those of us who are not limited by the stringencies of the small investor, but have the responsibilities of trusteeship, or other fiduciary relationship, are not likely to oppose or work against a defined policy devised by Bank and Treasury for the general good. The vaguest intimation would suffice,

for it would enable investment or trading policies to be shaped with relative confidence. Without such intimation it can only be assumed that slicker tariffs, a cheaper pound and special favours to special applicants for subsidies lie immediately before us, and that heavy Government borrowing—whether through the medium of loans to fund Treasuries or honestly for a specific expenditure—and the resumption of foreign lending are growing probabilities.

* * *

Talking of Government borrowing, I should explain that there was no subtle sneer in a footnote over my initials last month, describing the £100,000,000 loan as a Government "grant." It was one of those errors that are likely to happen, between stenographer and typographer, when a last minute addition is telephoned by a man with a thick voice who talks too quickly.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

It is becoming increasingly difficult in international affairs to see the wood for the trees, though in reality outward appearances, which change from day to day, in no way affect the facts of the situation. These are that the Russian offensive against Western civilization is being pursued relentlessly, though the form which it takes differs in each country. At the same time there is evidence that the momentum of this offensive is dying down. It is clear that Italy will not tolerate a Red Spain, and she has the means to give effect to this determination, while in France the pendulum of public opinion is swinging violently to the Right. If the forces of law and order hold together, Communism may well, within a few months, be found to have shot its last bolt.

As was suggested in the *English Review* last month, all this is probably by no means unconnected with Russian internal politics. Stalin is said to be turning against the Comintern, and everything for which it stands: if this is so, it is at least a possibility that he may be giving that unhallowed organization enough rope to hang itself so as to be provided with an excuse for turning his back on it. However this may be, the plain duty of the upholders of Western civilization is to use every weapon they can to defeat the present attack. What becomes of Russia in the meantime does not very much matter.

The Enemy Within

In these circumstances careful watch must be kept upon the activities of the disruptive forces within our gates, and not the least dangerous of these is the League of Nations Union, for, being a non-political body, it gains the ear of simple people who would not listen to an avowed Communist. Presumably the League of Nations Union exists to further the ideals of the League itself, namely justice, peace, and a better understanding between nations; to what extent it serves this purpose may be gathered from its present actions.

For example, the *Western Gazette* of November 27 last contains an account of a meeting at Gillingham (Dorset), where a Mr. Frederick Whelan, described as chief staff lecturer to the League of Nations Union, is reported as saying, " I believe, myself, that we are seeing the latter days of those two men," referring to Mussolini and Hitler. He is further reported to have said that before many years were past Germany and Italy were doomed to be second-class nations. The speaker, according to the same paper then continued, " Giving the impressions he gained during a visit to Russia, Mr. Whelan referred to Russia's new constitution, and the amazing changes which had taken place. Russia was destined to be a democracy and would be no longer under a Dictator, Russia had gone through a frightful ' blood-bath,' but from the martyrdom of a whole generation was springing up a great race, which he believed would be seen on the side of the democracies, and if we were wise we should be friendly with this young people for they may help us to save the world."

It is unfortunately not a matter of surprise in these latter days to read that " the Vicar proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer," which the Methodist minister seconded.

A Definite Campaign?

MR. WHELAN is entitled to his own views like any other citizen, and it is not stated whether on the occasion in question he was speaking as a private individual or as an official of the League of Nations Union : since he is described as the latter, it was presumably in this capacity. Does this mean that the Union is now conducting a campaign against Italy and Germany, and in favour of Russia ? If so, it has come out into the open as a Left Wing organization, and it will be interesting to see how long His Majesty's Ministers can continue their membership.

These attempts to poison the atmosphere on the part of those who profess to be working for the good of mankind cannot be too strongly deprecated. Italy and Germany have made no attempt to interfere with the internal affairs of this country, so their domestic politics are no concern of ours. With Russia the case is different : world revolution

is still her avowed aim, and those who oppose this policy are justified in any steps they may take to combat it. In the circumstances, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the League of Nations Union, definitely worsted in the fight for Sanctions, is now running amok and is prepared to accept Bolshevist support. How any Conservative can remain a member of such an organization is beyond the wit of man to conceive.

The French Situation

By the time these lines appear in print M. Blum may no longer be Prime Minister of France. The Communists have already left him, and the *Front Populaire* is breaking up, though in a less sanguinary fashion than in Spain. It is clear that Moscow took M. Blum for another Kerensky, thereby forgetting that he is a very rich man, and that the vast majority of Frenchmen are patriotic. Moreover, no inconsiderable proportion of the Communist vote was given as a protest against the misgovernment of the " old gang," and there are many instances of villages voting solidly Communist at the last election yet in which all the electors attend Mass on Sunday.

A great deal of nonsense was written in the British Press about the suicide of M. Salengro, the Minister of the Interior. He was a peculiarly unpleasant type of Left politician, with a very doubtful record, and he was only regretted by those of his own kidney. Frenchmen know too much about their rulers to adopt a *nihil nisi bonum* attitude with regard to them when they are dead. It is doubtful if there has been a ministry within the last ten years whose members would have been mourned by the nation as a whole had they, collectively or individually, been assassinated. The Frenchman has many faults, but among them is not false sentimentality about the deaths of politicians.

The Swing to the Right

Whenever the electors have had an opportunity during the past few months they have voted against the Communists, and it is an open secret that on more than one

occasion the latter have considered redressing the balance against them by force of arms. The last elections greatly weakened the Centre, so that if an administration, whether under M. Blum or someone else, is to carry on without the votes of the Communist deputies it will have to go a long way to the Right before it can find the necessary support in the present Chamber. Of course there is always the possibility that the Radical majority in the Senate might force a dissolution, but in French constitutional practice this is tantamount to a *coup d'état*, and the present President, M. Lebrun, is a timid man.

Any change must surely weaken the bonds between France and Russia, and strengthen those with Italy and Great Britain, more particularly if an Anglo-Italian agreement in respect of the Mediterranean has been reached by then. In this case it might prove possible to localize the apparently inevitable Russo-German war, and it would certainly curtail Moscow's power of mischief by depriving her of an outpost in Western Europe. In effect, the further to the Right that France goes, the brighter the outlook for peace, for it will mean the end of that Franco-Soviet Pact which is the nightmare of the contemporary world.

The Spanish War

THE next war is already taking place in miniature in the Peninsula. Spain is to-day what Germany was during the Thirty Years' War, that is to say the place where the latest theories in strategy and politics are tested. One wonders how many Spaniards are fighting on either side. Franco and Caballero respectively control territory occupied by about ten million people, and in that case they ought each to be able to put half a million men in the field, whereas it is doubtful if either has a tenth of that number. It is satisfactory that the Reds cannot persuade the mass of the population they control to fight for them, but it is disconcerting to find the same is true of the Nationalists.

It is difficult to see what useful purpose is served by the visits of English politicians to Spain at this juncture. All they can report is that a more or less modern war is being waged there, and that war is a messy affair, which we know

already. The issue in the Peninsula is not going to be decided at Westminster, or in the correspondence columns of the British Press, but, like the Abyssinian campaign, on the battle-field. In these circumstances peripatetic English politicians only make themselves slightly ridiculous.

Germany and Japan

It is not easy to know exactly how much importance to attach to the recent agreement between Germany and Japan, and it is permissible to suppose that the signatories themselves are by no means certain. Its immediate object was to threaten Russia with a war on two fronts, and it will probably now be put into cold storage. There seems little reason to doubt that Berlin at any rate hoped for the adhesion of Italy, but Signor Mussolini is rightly more desirous of concluding an agreement with Great Britain in respect of the Mediterranean: moreover, Austria still lies between him and Herr Hitler.

If it comes to war between Russia and this new combination the latter would probably in the long run prove unable to do more than deprive their enemy of a few frontier provinces in East and West. The weakness of the Japanese is that they have no objective at which to strike, and in their last war against the Russians they were exhausted when peace came. At the same time the agreement does not further the prospects of peace, though it is in fact but the inevitable sequel to the Franco-Soviet Pact.

Scandinavian Politics

We have become so accustomed to regard Denmark, Norway, and Sweden as contented countries where no change is to be expected that it is well to realize there are forces at work in these kingdoms which may ere long upset such calculations. In Denmark, with a population of three and a half millions, there are half a million Fascists and National Socialists; in Norway there are a hundred thousand out of a total population of two and a half millions; in Sweden those who hold anti-Parliamentarian views are not so strong, and they are divided into two main groups, which is a further source of weakness, but the right leader

is all that is required to make them into as formidable a a force as in the two other Scandinavian kingdoms.

The progress of similar movements in Holland and Belgium is too well known to require elaboration, and it is to be hoped this state of affairs is fully appreciated in Whitehall. Criticism of British foreign policy is generally met by a statement that if we have the Great Powers against us we have the small ones with us, and that all votes count alike at Geneva. Leaving on one side the question of the League's future importance, if the Northern States throw in their lot with Berlin the British position will not be a happy one. A little less talk about the virtues of our own system of government would prevent those who do not admire them from feeling obliged to support a point of view with which British interests may not always coincide. If Mr. Baldwin really wishes to prevent a war of political religion he had better seal his lips again when certain subjects are under discussion.

The Dynastic Crisis

A PUZZLED world has watched England pass through the dynastic crisis, which the average foreigner has found by no means easy to take seriously. History contains more instances of monarchs wishing to get rid of, than to acquire, unsatisfactory wives, and there are so many precedents for Kings placing the ladies of their choice upon a less exalted footing, that the Continent at any rate was at a loss to understand what was at issue. Hence the widespread rumours that the cause of the dispute must be sought elsewhere, and that in the Distressed Areas or in the field of foreign policy was to be found the real reason for the difference between King Edward VIII and his Ministers. Mrs. Simpson seemed too insignificant to set the British Empire by the ears.

The outcome has undoubtedly strengthened the cause of monarchy throughout the world, and rightly so. The ease with which a solution was found would only have been possible under hereditary kingship, and the calm which characterized the country during the crisis is universally attributed to the national confidence in its monarchial

traditions. The resignation of a President means an election of some sort, with all its attendent bitterness; the disappearance of a Dictator has yet to take place without civil strife. Out of evil has come good, and the republican countries are asking themselves whether they would not do better to revert to the system which, with so little fuss, allowed for the substitution of King Edward VIII by King George VI.

Light on Jugoslavia

THE "Modern States Series," so ably edited by Professor Mowat, already has students of international affairs heavily in its debt, and this is now increased by the addition of *Yugoslavia*, by E. J. Patterson (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.). There is probably no living Englishman who knows the Slav world as well as Mr. Patterson, and in this book he gives of his best. The historical background is admirably done, and the author shows how the new kingdom is weakened by the centrifugal influences which are the result of centuries of discussion.

The Serb, as those who became acquainted with him in the War will be the first to admit, is personally brave, and makes an excellent soldier, but he is ignorant, and lacks leadership of the right type. Yugoslavia contains other races, more advanced in civilization, but it is the Serb who is the dominating factor. It is as if Italy had been united from the South, with Naples as the predominant partner. Parliamentary Government proved unworkable, and that force has much to do with holding the monarchy together to-day is undeniable, though Mr. Patterson does not credit the worst allegations against the police. Like all the peoples who lived under Turkish rule for centuries, the Serbs have violence in their blood, and the circumstances of their history have done nothing to eradicate it. One can only hope that Prince Paul, the Regent, will succeed in instilling a sense of moderation into his fellow-countrymen.

The Year 1936

THE past year, both at home and abroad, has been one of the most unfortunate in recent British history. Apart from domestic crises, the country's reputation sustained a

severe shock when Italy conquered Abyssinia in spite of the League of Nations, and further damage was done when Russia proved, by her action in Spain, that she was not a good European, as Mr. Eden had assured us was the case. The League, which the Government never ceases to describe as the basis of our foreign policy, is now *in articulo mortis*, and is hardly more of a reality than the independent Abyssinia which it still professes to recognize.

If the New Year is to improve upon the record of its predecessor, it will be necessary for our rulers to take to heart the saying of the late Lord Salisbury that " the commonest error in politics is sticking to the carcases of dead policies." Collective security through the League of Nations has proved an idle dream, and safety lies to-day in our own right arm. Let the Government decide what are the vital British interests in the world, and create the armaments necessary to defend them. If this is done, and the *rôle* of " universal aunt " is abandoned, then 1937 should be a more prosperous year for the sorely-tried British Empire than the one to which we have bidden farewell with so little regret.

From A Garden Seat

By C. H. Middleton

THIS time my garden seat is a comfortable chair by the window, and as I look at the borders shrouded in a mantle of fog, and listen to the dreary sound of dripping trees, I am glad to draw up to the fire and turn to the pages of the new seed catalogues. There I can pass a pleasant hour or so building floral castles in the air. Wonderful things, catalogues! Some of the pictures in them are very aggravating, and make my poor gardening efforts seem very insignificant. The first picture my eyes rest on is a coloured plate of salpiglossis. I like salpiglossis, all except the name, and I suppose that man is to blame for that. They are beautiful flowers, and the rich shades of colour, with their weird and dainty markings, have always fascinated me. I have often had a fancy for a large group or two in my border, but they have one great fault, they won't grow in my garden. I get a few miserable half-stained looking specimens, and they always fall far short of what I have been led to expect. Perhaps it is my own fault, but that is hard to believe, because most of the flowers other than the salpiglossis respond fairly well to my kindly persuasion. However, I shall go on trying, it is worth a little trouble, and I daresay I shall master it in time.

Next a bunch of dahlias stares me in the face, which at one time would have looked strangely out of place in a seed catalogue. Here I feel a little more confident, for I have already been very successful in growing dahlias from seed. To my mind this is the most interesting way to grow them, if only because seedling plants are full of surprises. It is most fascinating to watch for new and unusual colours. During the past season I had some extremely pretty flowers, and I am saving the roots of the best of them for a repeat performance. I started with a shilling packet of seeds, and sowed them in the greenhouse in February, potting them on in little pots as they grew, and finally planting them out of doors in late May. They filled quite a large slice of border, and from August onwards I cut literally thousands of perfect blooms for indoor decoration. Most of them were singles or semi-doubles, but I did not mind that. Indeed, I

greatly prefer the more modest type of flower to what I call the exaggerated monstrosity. Of course, if you are a dahlia fan, and want all the latest and popular varieties, you will have to grow them from cuttings or tubers; but if it is flowers you want, in quantity, pretty ones in many colours on long stems, then take my tip, and try growing them from seeds.

Another good flower which might be grown from seeds a good deal more than it is (especially by those who are fortunate enough to possess a warm greenhouse) is the delphinium. I have never yet met anyone who did not admire the stately blue spires of the delphinium. Now few seem to realize that, with ordinary luck, they may have them in the autumn as well as in the summer. The usual time to sow the seeds is May and June, in which case it needs no protection from the weather; but you must wait till the following year to see the flowers, whereas by sowing the seeds under glass in January and planting out in May you can enjoy a fine show of flowers before the summer is over. It is not quite so easy as perhaps it sounds. I must warn you that there is often mildew to contend with, and possibly other evils, but what are gardeners for if not to overcome the difficulties of cultivation. I saw some magnificent spikes of delphiniums last September in many delightful shades of blue and mauve. I thought then that anyone who could bring them to perfection in such a mouldy and mildewed season as the past one would regard it as child's play in a respectable summer. Of course, those who will have the grand and popular named varieties must buy them as plants; for like the dahlias they will not reproduce themselves true from seeds. However, they all had to start that way once and who knows? some of your own seedlings might turn out to be just as good, or even better. Some years ago a lady friend gave me a pod of seeds from an admired variety of the Belladonna type, and I was pleasantly surprised at the result. I sowed them in the open border in midsummer, and I should think every seed must have germinated. I got a wonderful number of plants which, in the following year, produced abundant flowers in the most delightful shades of purest blue. I like my delphiniums to

be blue ; you can have all the mauve and lavender shades, and the wishy-washy puce-coloured freaks, but give me blue, and the brighter blue they are the better I like them. Also I think I prefer the loosely branching sprays of the Belladonna types to the close-packed heavy looking spikes, even though the individual flowers may be many inches across, a point the catalogues seem very fond of emphasizing. But this, of course, is just my own uneducated fancy, and I would not have you agree too readily.

I daresay many people share with me the peculiar habit of sticking a thumb in the pages of a catalogue and turning them over from back to front, starting at the end and finishing at the beginning. That is why I turn naturally from delphiniums to chrysanthemums. Strangely enough and quite inexcusably, I have never enthused over chrysanthemums, except those which grow in their own sweet way and flower out of doors. Before me is a picture of a new type which I should certainly like to try, namely, the cascade varieties. These are well named, because the sprays of tiny daisy-like flowers overflow from the pots, and hang down in graceful bouquets several feet below. At one of the autumn shows I edged my way through an excited crowd to admire a splendid group of these plants, and the gardener who produced them told me that their cultivation presents no unusual difficulties. They are raised from seeds sown under glass in February, and spend the summer out of doors, with the pots cocked up a shelf or ledge. The leading shoot is then trained down a stake, and the other shoots removed. Otherwise the treatment is much the same as for that of the other types. In due course they are brought into the greenhouse to flower, and very nicely they do it. My catalogue informs me that detailed cultural instructions are sent out with every packet of seeds—a commendable idea which might well be extended to some of the other more unusual subjects.

Another of my catalogues enlarges on the beauty and easy culture of hardy ferns. I fully agree so far as the beauty is concerned, for many of them are every bit as graceful and charming as the indoor kinds, and there is a surprising number of them from which to choose. I am

not quite so sure about the easy culture. I have tried them, with very mixed results. Some of mine grow like weeds, while others refuse to grow at all, which seems to indicate that there is no standard diet which is equally acceptable to them all. Experience will probably bring enlightenment on this point, and I look forward some time to possessing a shady bank of ferns, with a few large rocks among them to keep them cool and comfortable. Writing of ferns reminds me of a mysterious occurrence I came across during the summer months. An old cottage garden path was edged with bottles, I believe they were Vichy water bottles or something of that kind, and they were buried rather more than half their depth in the soil with the necks down below. There were hundreds of them, and they must have been practically airtight; yet, almost without exception, each bottle contained a beautiful fern, which showed up plainly through the clear glass. How they got there is a mystery, but the owner told me that if he put a bottle upside down in the soil anywhere in the garden, he could almost guarantee that, in due course, a fern would appear in it. I do not know what particular fern it is, nor are they all alike. I took several of them out and potted them, but they promptly died, so presumably they prefer to remain bottled. It would seem that the garden soil is well stocked with fern spores, only awaiting an empty bottle to start them into growth. I have no other theory to account for this extraordinary phenomenon. Perhaps some of my readers have.

Finally, my catalogue does its best to exasperate me by showing pictures of beautiful velvety lawns which have been produced by special mixtures of grass seeds. So was mine once, but now it is anything but "velvety." It looks more like a mangy cat at the present time, and I am wondering whether our seedsmen have approached this question of grass seed mixtures from the right angle. It may be all very well to say that certain mixtures are blended to suit shady corners under the trees and so on; but there are shady corners on many different types of soil. In my opinion it is the soil, and such things as drainage which matter the most. The finest and most enduring lawns I have seen have been from the local turf, and therein, I

believe, lies the crux of the whole business. Grass grows practically everywhere, and includes a very large number of natural species and varieties. We find beautiful turf on the chalky downs, likewise on the sandy land and on the heavy clays. Nature has clothed them all with the grasses most suitable to them, and to transfer the grasses from one soil to a totally different one is to court failure, or so it seems to me. I believe we should do better by studying the grasses on their native heath, and blend them according to their local requirements. Doubtless a good deal has been done in this direction, but there is still much to be known before we can be sure of a good and lasting lawn. We often produce the perfect lawn, possibly by hitting on the right mixture more or less by accident, but there are far too many failures.

The Path of The Moor

By Captain F. H. Mellor

" Where is my Motherland ? The memory
of thee brings ceaseless tears,
It was madness to have left thee.
O beautiful Andalusia."

Ibn Saud,
Moorish Poet.

It is astonishing how little is known to most of us concerning the Moors in Spain. Every school-boy, whether in public, private, secondary or grammar school, is familiar with the tale of Alfred and the cakes and has amassed quantities of useless and inaccurate information concerning Canute and Ethelred the Unready ; yet I very much doubt if a single one has even heard of Abd-Er-Rahman III, although he ruled an enlightened, erudite, artistic and knightly kingdom at a time when the people of the western nations were ignorant and boorish savages, who had either never heard of baths and drains or else looked upon them as two of the more potent weapons employed by the devil to undermine Christianity. Thus it is certainly of interest, if we are to understand anything of recent events in Spain, to trace the rise of Moorish or, more correctly, Arab rule in that country, remembering as we do so how the gradual percolation of Arab knowledge and culture had such a tremendous civilizing influence over Europe.

Andalusia, or, as the Moors called it, Andalus, was first invaded in 710 and 711 A.D. by Musa and Tarik, who acted so vigorously that in less than a year after the invasion the decadent Visigoths had been completely defeated and the whole of the country occupied. Further efforts to expand beyond the boundaries of the Pyrenees were, however, checkmated once and for all when Charles Martel hurled the Moslem forces back from Tours in ruin and defeat. Then in 756, a penniless wanderer, Abd-Er-Rahman, succeeded in establishing himself as Emir of Cordoba. A member of the princely house of the Ommayads and grandson of the Calif of Damascus, he with difficulty escaped

with his life when the Abbasides seized power and massacred his family. For five years he wandered through North Africa, a journey in those days of extreme hazard, until at last he succeeded in reaching the coast of Morocco where he took ship and crossed the narrow straits. In Spain there were many supporters of his family, and they at once took up arms to such good effect that in a little while he was able to enter Cordoba in triumph.

Abd-Er-Rahman and his successors were great men and soon all Andalusia glowed with the brilliancy of the Emirate of Cordoba. Mosques were erected, libraries built, the East was ransacked for books, palaces sprang up in the midst of lovely gardens on the banks of the Guadalquivir and fountains played in the squares. An excellent drainage system was introduced and there were hundreds of public baths. To-day, alas, of all the architectural gems that once adorned the city but one building is left to us—the Great Mosque—and even that has been marred by the Christian conquerors; but we do know that here in Andalusia the Arabs reached a standard of decorative art never excelled except perhaps in China and Persia. This era of prosperity and glory continued from 756 to 961, when the great Emir Abd-Er-Rahman III died and the emirate fell into the power of the Vizier El Mansur, a talented statesman, whose policy, which involved calling in assistance from the Berbers of Morocco, was during his lifetime remarkably successful. But later a terrible price had to be paid, for the Berbers became utterly out of control, the empire split up, separate emirates, notably those of Seville and Granada, were established and, as a result, the Arabs quarrelling among themselves could not withstand the advance of the Spanish invader.

It is true that great victories were won in the peninsula by the Sultans of Morocco at the head of their Berber hordes, but generally speaking they looked upon Spain as a campaigning ground where booty could be won, made no attempt to consolidate what they gained and regarded with indifference the welfare of the Arab emirates and the Moslem population of Andalusia. Thus it is not surprising that the Spaniards, sweeping down from the north, were

able to gain a great victory at Las Navas de Tolosa, and to continue their advance with such good effect as to occupy much of the country, including Cordoba and Seville, by the year 1260. The Moslems, fighting bravely, but betrayed by their commanders, were driven back upon Granada the fairest and most fertile district in Andalusia. Some historians have endeavoured to show that the inhabitants of Granada had become effeminate and decadent : but this is far from the truth ; since in actual fact so gallantly did they resist the Christian hosts that Granada held out until 25th November 1491. On that fatal day Ferdinand and Isabella, surrounded by the chivalry of Castile and Aragon, received the keys of the city from Boabdil the last emir, who, accompanied by the miserable remnant of his brilliant court, rode away to exile and poverty in North Africa. From that time onwards the unfortunate Moors were gradually driven from their homes, until finally by 1610 the exodus was completed and the Spaniards had themselves signed the death warrant of Spain. As Mr. Lane Poole remarks, " No other country in Europe had so far approached the cultivated dominion of the Moors. The brief brilliancy of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the Empire of Charles V. could found no such enduring pre-eminence. The Moors were banished ; for a while Christian Spain shone like the moon, with a borrowed light ; then came the eclipse and in that darkness Spain has grovelled ever since."

Let us now follow the Moorish exiles to their new homes in Morocco and then examine the stirring events that have taken place there in recent years. Many Andalusians settled in Fez, one of the three cities, with Rabat and Tetuan, where tradition states the learned and the wise must live, and still to-day there is a quarter Andalus and a mosque Andalus. But those exiled with the unhappy Boabdil remained in northern Morocco, some of them settling at Tetuan where even now the people are noted for their good looks, refinement and culture : while many others anxious to reach a more secure and distant haven wandered on into the country of the Kamas tribe until they found an ideal spot, protected by the formidable mountains of the Beni Hassan, where a stream of pure water gushed forth from the

rock. There they built their town of Sheshawen, modelling it upon Granada, with the result that Sheshawen is the only place in North Africa where one may see white houses, with red tiled sloping roofs, just as in Andalusia. Secluded and apart they found the peace they sought, four hundred years passing before the infidel entered the gates. Indeed, until the present century the exact position of Sheshawen was unknown, although the Spaniards had for many years been established at Tetuan and Melilla. Then in 1912 the French declared a protectorate over the greater part of the Sultan's dominions, while the remainder, a narrow strip of barren mountainous country on the coast, embracing Tetuan, Sheshawen, Melilla, Larache and Azila, became the Spanish protected zone.* The greater part of this area known as the Rif was inhabited by a warlike race of mountaineer of Berber extraction, who, maintaining their own tribal customs, had snapped their fingers at their nominal overlord, the Sultan of Morocco. After the Great War the Spaniards decided to occupy Sheshawen and when aeroplane photographs had been taken a column advanced from Tetuan and entered the city. They were not fated to remain there for long however. In 1919 a chieftain of the Rif in Spanish service, Sidi Mohamed Ben Abd El Krim quarrelled with General Sylvestre and was imprisoned at Melilla. Escaping, he raised the standard of revolt in the mountains. The cry of the Jihad rang through the land ; the Riffians, notably brave even in a land of brave men, and the people of the Jebela rallied round the green flag of Islam. In 1921 a crushing blow was dealt to Spanish pride and ambition. General Sylvestre, advancing recklessly into the mountains, was surrounded at Anual, and his men, hungry and short of ammunition, gave way before the mountain warriors. The front collapsed, a general retreat ensued, and the Riffians advanced to the gates of Melilla, killing as they went. It is said that no less than sixteen thousand Spaniards perished, so that all Spain mourned the dead, and a powder trail was laid that led to the revolution. The situation was desperate, but General Primo de Rivera pulled off his *coup d'état*

*Tangier and a small strip of surrounding country became international though still nominally part of the Sultan's dominions governed by a Mendoub.

and, acting with courage and decision, ordered a withdrawal to the coast. Back the troops came from Sheshawen, suffering terrible casualties on their thirty mile march to Tetuan, and Abd El Krim remained in undisputed possession of the country so that it seemed as if the Rif would once more be free. Then, carried away by success, Abd El Krim lost his head and made an attack on the French, which carried him almost to the gates of Fez ; but it ended as it only could end—in his defeat and capture in 1925 after combined Franco-Spanish operations. Once more, this time to stay, the Spaniards entered Sheshawen, for the Rif had suffered terrible losses and the tribesmen were completely disarmed. Moorish regiments of cavalry and infantry were raised, many men found employment making roads, and it seemed as if peace and some measure of prosperity had come at last to the Rif and the Jebela.

Then in June this year, all the best elements in Spain, goaded to fury by the injustice and oppression of the left wing government, rose in revolt, and the situation in Spanish Morocco, which was immediately seized by the insurgents, became an extraordinary one. Nominally under the rule of the Sultan, who is represented by his cousin the Khalifa at Tetuan, the Moors of the zone at once took an active part in the fighting in Spain. Shortly before the outbreak of hostilities I was travelling in Spanish Morocco and had opportunity to observe the excellent discipline of the Moorish troops which formed a striking contrast to he lackadaisical methods of the Spaniards. Without any feeling of loyalty to Spain and rather contemptuous of the Spaniards—they can never forget their victory at Anual—they are none the less faithful to their officers. Moreover in the present struggle there is no doubt on which side their sympathies lie, for anarchy and Bolshevism do not appeal to these faithful sons of Islam ; also they have never forgotten that once they ruled in Andalusia and it must have been for them a wonderful moment when they landed on the peninsula. A little incident that happened to me in Sheshawen illustrates this. Walking one day by the water gate I met an old man with an enormous key at his belt.

" What is that key?" I asked.

"The key of my ancestors' house in Granada," he replied sadly.

There can be no doubt that much of the success gained by the junta has been due to the use of these Moorish troops. They seem indeed to be used invariably as the spearhead of the attack. This is not surprising, since they are among the best soldiers in the world, while the Spaniards, though individually brave and good guerilla fighters, become almost useless when shoved into a uniform and organized as a regiment. A tremendous song and dance has gone on in the Liberal and Labour Press over the employment of these troops but there seems to me no justification for it of any sort whatsoever. Well disciplined and led by the pick of the Spanish officers, they are scarcely likely to commit acts of blood comparable with the atrocities of the government supporters. In any case the sort of gentlemen who hunt priests with banderillos in the bull ring, pour petrol over nuns and then set them alight, and murder old women and young children for no other reason than that they bear old and honoured names, seems to need strong medicine. Then again the Moors live in a Spanish zone and feel just as entitled as anybody else to take a hand in the game. Of better manners and morals than our brittle Communist intellectuals they have nothing in common with the Spanish atheists, the enemies of all organized religion. Again, and this point I feel I must stress, there is strong precedent for the employment of so-called coloured troops—the Riffians, the Andalusian Arabs and the men of the Jebela are far whiter than many Spaniards—in Europe. During the Great War thousands of Moors fought in France against the Germans and I cannot recollect any shade of English opinion being thereby outraged.

Is is said that General Franco has offered the Moors land in Andalusia and given them permission to build mosques. If this is so it would I think be an excellent and politic stroke. Formerly the Moors made Andalusia blossom like the rose ; now tracts of barren desolation meet the eye where at one time vines, corn and olives flourished. Might not these excellent agriculturalists, wasting their talents in the desolate Rif hills, make Andalusia flow with milk and

honey? Might not the return of the Moslems to Spain bring back prosperity, greater than has been known for centuries, to that unhappy country?

The Moors loved Andalusia with love most passionate, and now they have come back again. The chivalry of Christendom and the chivalry of Islam are fighting side by side. Gallant Spanish patriots defended the Alcazar in Toledo, one of the great feats of arms in this or any other age and it was the Moors, led by a Moor, Commandant El Mizzian, who were the first to relieve that heroic band. The blood they both have shed will surely seal a lasting friendship between the Spaniard and the Moor.

Gramophone Notes

SYMPHONY NO. 7 IN A MAJOR (BEETHOVEN). (Toscanini and New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.) 5 H.M.V. Records. 30*s.*

QUARTET IN E MINOR, OP. 59, NO. 2 (BEETHOVEN). (Budapest String Quartet.) 4 H.M.V. Records. 24*s.*

A MAJOR recording by Toscanini is an event of prime importance. Wagner's succinct description of the Seventh Symphony as " the Apotheosis of the Dance " is well known. Less well known is George Bernard Shaw's classing of the dæmonic finale with Walkürenritt and the Lohengrin Bridal Prelude and the contemptuous description of them all as " glorified bursts of rum-tum, which any donkey could take in at the first hearing."

For myself, preparatory to hearing these new records, I re-read Sir Donald Tovey's essay in *Essays in Musical Analysis* and once more was impressed as much by the plain commonsense as the musical erudition and sensibility to be found in these pages. " The Seventh Symphony has been called the romantic symphony ; rightly in so far as romance is a term which, like humour, every self-respecting person claims to understand, while no two people understand it in the same way. There is no programme to the Seventh Symphony, and no reason why we should not call it heroic (which is one aspect of romance) except that Beethoven himself has bespoken that title elsewhere. The symphony is so overwhelmingly convincing and so obviously untranslatable, that it has for many generations been treated, and quite reasonably, as a piece of music, instead of as an excuse for discussing the French Revolution."

It is in music so overwhelmingly convincing and so obviously untranslatable that Toscanini's great gifts of self-effacement and perfect steadiness and his strict discipline are heard to the greatest advantage. We get a performance which is perfectly poised and with nothing standing between music and listener. The recording is of excellent quality although I can imagine that there may be a certain amount of hardness of tone if a small instrument is used.

The Quartet in E Minor is the second of three quartets dedicated to Count Rasoumovsky and dates from 1806-7.

That is to say it is five years earlier in date than the Seventh Symphony. Much more surprising is the fact that only five years separates this work from the six early quartets (Op. 18). During those five years, however, Beethoven had gone through some of life's bitterest experiences and these probably account more for the differences in style and content than the composer's musical experiences during the same period.

The E Minor is often regarded as the weakest member of the Rasoumovsky triptych, a view with which I am not disposed fully to agree. It is true that the work is in a more consistently melancholy vein than its brethren and that Beethoven only shakes off his melancholy in the finale with obvious effort. The two middle movements, however, are great favourites of mine notwithstanding the somewhat odd inclusion of a Russian theme out of compliment to his patron—a theme later used by Moussorgsky in the first Act of Boris Godounov. The Adagio is a beautiful and peaceful prayer, interrupted by a period of restlessness, but tranquillity returns at the close. The Allegretto is a precursor of the movement which Beethoven eventually made his own—the Scherzo. It is full of wistfulness and the syncopated rhythm deepens the spirit of unrest with which the opening movement is impregnated and which interrupts the peace and tranquillity of the second movement.

The Budapest Quartet is a splendid team and gives a rarely beautiful performance which seems to have inspired the recording engineers to give of their very best. As it has been aptly put, the recording is such that one does not notice it.

SUITE NO. 1 IN C MAJOR AND SUITE NO. 2 IN B MINOR (BACH). The Adolf Busch Chamber Players. 6 H.M.V. Records. 36*s*.

THESE TWO works are contained together in one album but each can, of course, be bought separately. Those who love Bach must always be grateful for the six years in which he deserted his organ and his choir in favour of a *kappellmeistership*. But for this period we should, in all probability, never have had most of the secular and light-hearted music which has proved so popular in the twentieth century.

Although known as "Suites" nowadays, Bach called these collections of pieces "Overtures," this being as Dr. Schweitzer tells us "the customary name at that time for an orchestral suite in which the introduction plays the chief part." There are four of these suites in all and we are promised the other two at a later date. In all cases the strings and the "continuo" are the same but the wind and percussion vary. In the first suite two oboes and a bassoon are used while in the second the only wind instrument is a flute.

Both opening movements are long Overtures and these are followed by a succession of short dance movements—Courantes, Bourrees, Passepieds, Minuets, Sarabandes and the like. Some are stately, some graceful, and some merry but from beginning to end the music is happy and has a healthy "open air" atmosphere about it. Probably the last movement of the second suite will be the general favourite. It is labelled "Badinerie" and lives up to its title thoroughly and M. Marcel Moyse, the flautist, performs wonders of agility and skill in this skittish trifle. Dr. Busch has collected a team of soloists for his little orchestra and the playing throughout is a model of taste and judgment. The recording is excellent.

CONCERTI GROSSI NOS. 1, 2 AND 3 (HANDEL). Boyd Neil String Orchestra. 6 Decca Records. 30s.

A welcome sign of the times is the revival of interest in Handel's secular music but far too many people still regard him merely as the composer of the evergreen Messiah. The Concerti Grossi are akin to the Bach Brandenburg Concertos. The "concertino" (or solo passages) are written for two violins and a 'cello and the "ripieno" (or accompanying orchestra) is of strings with a harpsichord "continuo." There are five movements in the first concerto, four in the second and five in the third. For the most part stately gravity alternates with infectious gaiety. The orchestra is small—as it should be—and both playing and recording are of very high quality.

SYMPHONY NO. 6 IN B MINOR (TCHAIKOVSKY) Gaubert and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. 5 Columbia Records. 30s.

THE PATHETIC Symphony is so often used as a vehicle

for the display of a particular conductor's idiosyncrasies that this straightforward and firmly-knit performance is very welcome. It is a powerfully emotional work but we do not want our emotions torn to shreds. The wood-wind is not I think equal to the string and brass departments and in one place the playing becomes ragged for a few bars. None the less this is a sound performance and the recording does not strive for volume for volume's sake as seems to be the case frequently nowadays.

THE MASTERSINGERS OVERTURE (WAGNER). Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. 1 Columbia Record. 6*s*.

THIS RECORD is worthy of being placed by the side of those of the Toscanini Seventh Symphony. No higher praise could be given. A thoroughly exciting record !

LE BEAU DANUBE (J. STRAUSS, ARR. R. DÉSORMIÈRE). Antol Dorati and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. 3 H.M.V. Records. 12*s*.

THIS NEW ballet, a gorgeous comedy recently produced by Col. W. de Basil, introduces the famous Blue Danube Waltz for the principal dance and other music of Johann Strauss for the subsidiary dances. The tone of the orchestra —as here recorded—is not as refined as when playing under Beecham but these records will be found attractive both by those who have seen the ballet and those who have not.

HORCH, HORCH! DIE LERCH AND SANDMANCHEN (SCHUBERT) By ELIZABETH SCHUMANN. 1 H.M.V. Record. 4*s*.

THIS IS a lovely record—so lovely as almost to convince me that it is right for one girl to serenade another ! Frau Schumann's voice is as fresh as ever.

MI PAR D'UDIR ANCORA (BIZET'S " PEARL FISHERS ") and SALVE DIMORA (GOUNOD'S " FAUST "). By LUIGI FORT. 1 Columbia Record. 4*s*.

Luigi Fort is a newcomer to me. He has a good sense of style and a powerful tenor voice and sings the Bizet aria extremely well. He misses the centre of his notes too often in Salve Dimora, however, for this to be wholly satisfactory.

W. A. CHISLETT.

Nemesis and Mr. Beehag

By S. L. Bensusan

MR. SIMON BEEHAG, insurance agent nowadays as well as dealer in paraffin and all that is associated with it, such as lamps, wicks and cans, is a man who looks to his future, perhaps because there is so little in his past that he can contemplate with satisfaction. As he peers into the mists of the time to come, he sees " the electric " and all it connotes and becomes apprehensive ; that is why he became two years ago an agent of the Providential Assurance Co. Unlimited. His savings are considerable, his investments small but sound and if he is a little alarmed it is only because you can't carry " the electric " in a cart and sell seven pints of it or less at the price of a gallon.

He lives alone. Two sons are out in the world which his wife left without reluctance long years since ; he has been unfortunate in his housekeepers for though they have been hard working and honest, all have had appetites above their station in life. They come for a few months and go away to live happily on the dole, in less than seven years he has used up three indigent relatives. The last went some days ago when Mr. Beehag pointed out that unrestrained indulgence in food amounts, in those who have no means of their own, to sin.

" You allus did grudge me me stummick, Simon Beehag," said the lady who is a cousin as well as a housekeeper, " but you goffle f'r three. Me pore mother used to say you was a mean hunks, an' y'r father afore ye. Gimme what you owe me an' I'll goo d'reckly minit. One o' these days you'll git y'r desarts."

" You're a hainish woman ever I see," cried Mr. Beehag white with anger, " an' I'd liefer fend f'r meself than put up with sech." So saying he paid the lady for the eleven days due at one shilling per day, waited for her to pack her tin box and get it to the front door, locked the house up and drove away.

It was unfortunate that trouble should have come just then, for the boy who helps in the stable and does odd jobs and keeps all hours even on Sundays, had left a day earlier.

He had asked for a rise from eight shillings a week on no better ground than that lads on farms get ten and a half-holiday. Mr. Beehag had pointed out that agriculture is anything but a genteel occupation, that half holidays are anti-social, since they do more harm than good and that Boy Baker has a mother to support who is already behind to the extent of three shillings for "ile," so that he ought to mind what he was a saying of. Then the worthy man learned the hideous truth. Boy Baker's uncle, the wheelwright of Market Waldron, had offered to take him and give him twelve, but Widder Baker had suggested that as he went to Mr. Beehag from school and Market Waldron means a bicycle and bicycles are no longer safe "along o' moty cars," he should offer to stay if his master would pay ten. Mr. Beehag denounced the ingratitude of the poor, bewailed the scanty reward of the righteous and dismissed Boy Baker, after deducting from his wages the three shillings owed by his mother.

"You dedn't wanter done that, bein' I never ain't owed ye nawthen," said Boy Baker.

"Deed I do," replied Mr. Beehag, stroking the white whiskers that are his pride.

"Everybody knows you're a thief, Simon Beehag," cried Boy Baker, a little later, Parthianwise from the garden gate; Mr. Beehag had the collar halfway over the cob's head, so the moment was finely chosen.

"That comes o' eddication," growled Mr. Beehag to the cob, but even the animal was not sympathetic, for his master overworks and underfeeds him, and he made a sudden grab at the arm nearest his teeth.

"You wait till I got ye in the cart," said Mr. Beehag after skilled and hasty withdrawal. "I'll larn ye to bite th' hand what feed ye." But to be treated with gross ingratitude by an indigent cousin, a boy and a cob within twenty-four hours is what we call "aggravatin'." To make matters worse he must be very careful about hitting the cob because a respected client caught him one day and then and there not only threatened him with the Cruelty Man (i.e. local representative of the R.S.P.C.A.) but transferred her safe and profitable account to Messrs. Eli Brothers & Straw.

Enough has been said to explain why Mr. Beehag, compelled to get his own breakfast, listen to abuse from a vulgar boy and suffer attack from his own cob, started on his long rounds ill-disposed towards men, women and children and dumb animals. His voice in cottages where his account was in arrears was harsh and minatory, but he had friendly even seductive tones for those whose accounts were paid and whose stocks were running low and he brought negotiations to a successful issue in the matter of two insurances, one for a life policy and the other for all-in burglary mischances.

"In this world," Mr. Beehag remarked, "nobody ain't safe. I've had two people a tryin' to rob me this very week we're livin' in. I got riddy o' each o' th' both on 'em, but I ouldn't like to say what they'd do if they got half a chance. Everybody oughter be pertected an' th' Providential give best value f'r money. Dedn't, I ouldn't be workin' f'r it t'ain't likely."

* * *

In the meantime Miss Prudence Welk had toiled painfully along the lane to the high road where the bus passes to Market Waldron. A square tin box has more than a fair number of angles, and was not meant to be carried more than a mile and a half by a lady unaccustomed to exercise. It follows that when the middle-aged, friendly-looking tramp came along and offered to help her by putting his stout ash stick through the handle and sharing her labours, she was frankly grateful. He was about her height, the divided task was light and in a little while she was relieving herself of other burdens. She spoke of Mr. Beehag in bitter terms describing him as a "cunnin' owd muck, a mean owd hunks and a wicked owd spuffler ever anybody see," thereby easing her bosom of much perilous stuff. She, Prudence Welk, had never touched a penny piece of his though she knew well enough where he kep' his ready money. She had slaved for him reg'lar an' cooked tasty. He would feel th' miss o' her and he would feel the miss of Boy Baker and he would have to get his own food in an' cook it time he come home wanked tired.

"I ain't no more'n a pore woman," cried Miss Welk producing a sixpence when the main road was reached, "so don't think I'm mean, f'r I ain't. I'm behowden to ye, Mister."

"Don't mention it, ma'am," said the tramp politely, "sixpence go a long way wi' sech as us. I got a mite o' wittle in me bag, this'll git me some baccy and while th' weather's same as it is, a man kin lay rough." So saying he went his way towards the marshes, stopping at a Jerry Shop to buy half an ounce of Peachbloom's Noisome mixture which is excellent value for money and can either be smoked or used as a weedkiller or for the destruction of rats at the purchaser's will.

* * *

Mr. Beehag reached home at seven o'clock; he had gone round by Maychester and Great Mudford in fortunate hour, Mr. Blades had just completed the making of sausages and Mr. Beehag bought four pounds. Mr. Barrow of the general store whose, whiskers are whiter, glossier and more ample than those of Mr. Beehag, sold him butter and cheese, "reshers" and mustard pickles, tea and condensed milk. He also promised to make enquiration in order to discover if there should be in Great Mudford one who would fill the vacant place in Mr. Beehag's home or, failing that, would come in twice a week "to turn me out an' do a mite o' cookin' while I'm gettin' settled," explained Mr. Beehag.

Then they went on to talk of insurance, for little more than a year ago a miscreant broke into the general store and stole a ham, two pounds of tea and a large piece of cheese whose weight Mr. Barrow cannot vouch for. "That'd ha' pide me better to had a fire," admitted Mr. Barrow, "bein' a lot o' me stock's so owd fashioned I can't hardly shift it 'cept when folk come here f'r holiday. I'll consider of a insurance, jest a small one, mind ye," he said finally, "gimme th' pipers. We done business together these many years, Simon."

"That's a true word, Jarge, an' thanky f'r me" said Mr. Beehag and went his way to the deserted home and

gave the cob its supper with the sauce of a few unkind words and the threat of a knackery if he bit his master again.

"I don't know now as how I cou'n't run to a moty van," he said finally, but the cob with head buried in his manger pretended not to hear. Mr. Beehag cooked all the sausages but only ate half. Then he lit his lamp and read the Market Waldron Intelligencer and noted the addresses of two "respectable females" prepared to take such a job as his. In any event they were approaching employment in the right spirit; the appeal of a "clean, middle-aged woman" he ignored. Then he cleared away and washed up and laid the table for breakfast and sought his couch.

With early morning he rose and cooked the "reshers" and fed the cob and sought the marshlands. He had with him the cold tea, bread, butter, cheese and the four "reshers" he could not eat at breakfast, by reason of the counter-attraction of the marmalade pot. It is because Mr. Beehag's appetite is as it is, that the greed of housekeepers is so hard to bear. It was hard work without boy or housekeeper, but there was a considerable saving, fifteen shillings a week in wages, the housekeeper's food and the boy's tea—Mr. Beehag could never be home in time to supervise that. Every penny of twenty-five shillings a week, sixty-five pounds a year. Sitting at his ease on a bench under an elm tree on Grey Goose Green he ate his midday meal while the cob ate the grass that was succulent, nutritive and free. He could manage for the summer months at least and then when winter was coming on he would make up his staff again. He thought unkindly of Miss Prudence Welk as a woman, regretfully of her as a cook. "I'll allow you cooked tasty," he mused aloud, "but I ain't th' Bank o' England, ne yet Ro'schild."

It was a little after seven o'clock when he reached the yard; a tall man was sitting on the stone outside the cart bay. P.C. Ruffead rose and stood revealed.

"What's amiss, constable," he cried.

"I come up to yours twenty minutes agoo," said the policeman, "in consequence of infermation received, an' I found th' back door open an' on examinin' th' door I found

it bin forced. So I waited here till you come. I will wait here while you put th' cob up an' feed it. That look mos' tore out."

Mr. Beehag was so upset that he upset the oats and the cob had a better supper than usual. But by the time he was enjoying it Mr. Beehag realized that he had no equal fortune. The door had been burst open, the larder was empty, but the furniture undisturbed.

"You better see if you bin los' anything upstairs," said P.C. Ruffead and fear lent wings to Mr. Beehag's feet. There are two secret stores in his room, one under a loose board, another behind the chimney. This last, by far the more important, was intact but the board had been removed and three pounds in silver had gone. Transference to the chimney is made in sums of five pounds and Treasury notes.

"I bin robbed," cried Mr. Beehag, "do you come up," and P.C. Ruffead found Mr. Beehag fondling the board that had been lifted from the corner by the window. "You don't wanter keep all on handlin' that," cried P.C. Ruffead "there on't be no finger prints 'cept yours." Then he took all particulars from the anguished victim.

"That's a man what knows your ways, Simon," he said, "you gotter have somebody here time you're out. Prudence Welk was good as a watch dog to ye. But there, bein' you're a agent, I s'pose you're insured ?"

"No," cried Mr. Beehag. "I never thought folk'd come interferin' along o' me bein' I'm in th' business an' all."

"They ouldn't," replied the policeman sternly "if you hadn't bin an' emptied th' place. That reminds me. Mr. Baker come over to me time I wore in Market Waldron to-day an' you've stopped Boy Baker three shillin's what you dedn't oughter an' I come round to warn ye to give th' money to his mother right away. Don't, he'll summons ye."

* * *

In that hour, under a shady hedge a tramp was disposing himself to sleep. His bag had become a pillow. The only content too hard for his head was a half pound tin of Noisome Mixture. He looked at it happily. "One good thing

desarve another," he whispered to the treasure. "I could goo stay in a hotel if I wanted to to-night. Pore owd thing, she dedn't know half she was sayin'. But there, we all gotter do best we can f'r ourselves in this here world an' he didn't sound a nice sort o' man, nit be no means. I dessay he never come by that money honest."

Literary Supplement

CABINET GOVERNMENT. By IVOR JENNINGS. *Cambridge University Press.* 21*s.*

"Why damn it," said Lord Melbourne's secretary, when his master was in two minds as to whether he should form a government at Williams IV's request, "such a position never was occupied by any Greek or Roman, and, if it only lasts two months, it is well worth while to have been Prime Minister of England." "By God, that's true," said Melbourne, "I'll go." In the century which has elapsed since the Reform Bill, and which forms the background of Dr. Jennings' illuminating and enthralling book, it is at once evident that the power and authority of the Prime Minister have increased since they so impressed Lord Melbourne, and that they are still increasing. In a work whose scope embraces the functions and traditions of the cabinet, a survey of the Civil Service and a review of prerogative and patronage, it is surprising and creditable that so few errors should have crept in. Archbishop Davidson, for example, on page 346, was the secretary and son-in-law, not of Archbishop Temple, but of Archbishop Tait. On page 25 the general election of 1924 is a slip for that of 1923. On page 421 the Board of Education controls the Science Museum in addition to the other bodies mentioned. But such trifles as these do nothing to detract from the breadth of Dr. Jennings' scholarship or from the justice of his conclusions.

England does not suffer from the embarrassment of a written constitution. And no part of the administrative system owes less of its position to written law than the Cabinet—itself in theory only a committee of the Privy Council, its head unrecognized by name until 1905. Dr. Jennings has examined and collated the precedents of the last century of government, and from them he has sought to discover how we are really ruled. Such facts are not easy to find, and he has rightly looked for them in the letters of Queen Victoria and the biographies of her statesmen and from such sources as Lord Esher and Sir Almeric FitzRoy. In this way he discovers with great skill what has transpired behind the curtain of Cabinet secrecy. Political biography is apt to be biased, and political journals only partly true; Dr. Jennings justly quotes Lord Aberdeen's condemnation of Greville as knowing a great deal about any affair but not *all* about it. But the exposition of nineteenth-century Cabinet administration laid before us by Dr. Jennings rings convincingly true; it is only in discussing the last decade or so that he can no longer pierce the curtain with the same judgment and lucidity. In a book of this authoritative nature, it seems a pity to mention the Budget scandals of 1936 when they obviously cannot be fully discussed.

The book has five admirable appendices, of which the last one, a series of potted biographies, will be invaluable to old and young

alike, even if intended primarily for the latter. It is a little surprising to find that Davidson and Stafford Northcote are omitted while Temple, Tait and Gathorne Hardy all find places; Lord Brougham too is "*and* Vaux" not "of Vaux."

Dr. Jennings is to be doubly congratulated; on finding such a lacuna in British nineteenth-century history, and on having the ability to assault so intricate a problem with such success. This book will be indispensable to all future constitutional historians.

MICHAEL MACLAGAN.

SIR TRAVERS HUMPHREYS. By BECHHOFER ROBERTS. *The Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

MR. BECHHOFER ROBERTS is well known as a writer: but he is not a lawyer. If he had been a lawyer he could not and would not have written this book while the subject of it is still dispensing justice from the Bench. There really does not seem very much justification for writing a book about the career of a man when that career is still unfinished. It means that critical judgment must necessarily be suspended; and instead of the detached analysis and interpretation which are integral parts of biography, we get only narrative. So it has been with Mr. Roberts's book. It is a narrative of cases in which Sir Travers Humphreys has been concerned, strung together with a decent regard for chronology, but lacking the links of any co-ordinating principle.

The fact that Mr. Roberts is not a lawyer is also a distinct disadvantage in a book of this sort. It is not that he makes many mistakes in matters of law; he takes good care not to do so by adhering to the printed reports of the cases which appeared contemporaneously in the newspapers. But just because he does adhere so closely he is not able to give any impression of profundity. Without having lived in the atmosphere of the law and seen the way cases work themselves out from a beginning when they are not a case at all—instead of meeting them for the first time as a fully rehearsed performance in the Courts as does the diligent reporter—it is difficult to convey the atmosphere that surrounds the case or the technical manœuvres that underlie it. Nor does Mr. Roberts pretend to know what Sir Travers really thought about the cases himself: it is, that is to say, essentially a bird's-eye view.

My faith in Mr. Roberts' qualifications for writing this book was shaken on the second page of the foreword when I read "the former pupil may indeed, if very fortunate, be invited to 'stay on' and devil for the established men; but busy Chambers are usually full. As a rule he waits, haunting the courts devilling for all and sundry until at last reputation begins and practice becomes established." The picture of the newcomer, apparently without Chambers, devil-

ling for all and sundry will not readily be recognized by twentieth-century practitioners. Again on page 9, Oscar Wilde is stated to have been a man of thirty-eight at the time of his trial; in fact he was over forty. In the Crippen Case there is no reference to the fact that the Court of Criminal Appeal heard his appeal before he suffered execution. In the Seddon Case there is no mention of the beginning to Rupert Isaac's cross-examination, nor to the *gaffe* of the judge, Mr. Justice Bucknill, in twice telling the jury "not to be prejudiced too much."

Casement was not landed on the coast of Kerry in a German submarine as stated on page 114, but in an open boat. Mr. Justice Darling was not Lord Darling at the time of the Casement Appeal, as stated on page 120. On page 144, in dealing with the Rutherford Divorce Case, Mr. Roberts writes: "Colonel Rutherford did not contest the petition, but the co-respondent, Miss Johnson, denied the charge of adultery": Miss Johnson was, of course, not a co-respondent, but an intervener. On the following page there is a reference to Mr. Bushe James; the gentleman's name is Mr. Bush James. On page 151, Bottomley is represented as taking advantage at the outbreak of the War of "his status as a popular journalist, an admirable speaker and a Member of Parliament"; at the outbreak of the War, Bottomley was not in the House of Commons.

Many of these mistakes of fact may not be particularly important. But a book which claims to be a record of fact should be accurate; for, if it is not accurate in all respects, there is no criterion by which the uninstructed reader can be satisfied of its general accuracy in more important matters. Mr. Roberts has great material, for between the covers of this book are included accounts of many of the most sensational cases of the last forty years. But he would have done better if he had taken a smaller compass and given more space to cases of importance; he has included so much that some of it is necessarily disposed of with a brevity which damages the comprehensive and lucid explanation and dramatic appeal alike. It is a book which Mr. Roberts would have done better to have delayed and to have presented in a different and more co-ordinated structure.

Incidentally, if Mr. Roberts goes into a second edition, he really should have a more adequate index. The very sketchy index at present provided is too slight for information, but sufficiently solid for irritation.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

COMMONWEALTH AND RESTORATION. By A. S. TURBERVILLE. *Nelson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS IS both a readable and an informative book. It gives within a brief compass a very fair account of the period with which it deals. The leading characters are adequately described, and in

some cases the author's analysis could not be improved, as, for instance, when he says of Cromwell, "In expression he was ever forcible, but seldom lucid. But his actions were definite enough. After a long and wandering exposition of the Scriptures, Oliver would break into fierce personal denunciations, and then clinch his argument with one peremptory sentence and the appearance of a file of soldiers."

At the same time it is doubtful whether Professor Turberville has always made sufficient allowance for economic factors. The chief cause of the revulsion of City opinion against the Protectorate was the mistaken foreign policy of Cromwell in allying himself with France against Spain, the mistress of the Low Countries, which produced an economic crisis of the first magnitude. Then, again, the author conceals, if unintentionally, the fact that the Crown was the natural protector of the poor against the rich, and as the former became weaker the yeomen steadily sank in the social and economic scale. The cause for which Hampden died in the field, and Sidney perished upon the scaffold, was government of the rich, by the rich, for the rich.

There are one or two slips which can be corrected in a second edition. It was Charles I (in a letter to Strafford), not Charles II, who compared the temper of Parliaments with that of cats, while Monmouth was captured, not in the New Forest, but in Cranborne Chase. Nor is it apparent why Feversham's dispositions on the eve of Sedgemoor should have rendered insecure Monmouth's position at Bridport, which was some forty miles away and no longer in his possession. Among the authorities cited one misses Mr. Hartmann's edition of the letters of Madame, Mr. Bryant's *Letters of King Charles II*, and Mr. Belloc's biography of James II.

Nevertheless, these are small points, and in no way detract from the merit of a book which can be warmly recommended to all who have not time to read the bigger works dealing with the latter half of the seventeenth century. CHARLES PETRIE.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE—A GERMAN VIEW. By JOHANNES STOYE. *John Lane, The Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By F. C. S. SCHILLER. *Kegan Paul.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Herr Stoye's book, which had a considerable success when first published in Germany last year, now appears, amended and brought up-to-date, in an English translation. It has already been translated into French, while a Dutch version is in course of preparation.

The care, the thought and the thoroughness which we have come to associate with Herr Stoye's countrymen, are all revealed in this well documented, and valuable work.

Those theories of " Race and Soil " which lie at the root of the National Socialist ideology are, in the author's view, the key by which the impartial foreign observer may learn to understand the rise and development of the British Empire, for which reason his first chapters are devoted to a study of the racial origins of the British peoples, and of the effects of climate and environment on their character and mentality. Such efforts in racial analysis are always of interest to their subject and we shall, if we accept Herr Stoye's view, come to regard ourselves as men of instinct, lovers of nature, illogical yet practical, with a genius for compromise, a hatred of theories and abstractions, and a self-confidence which evidently affords some resentment to the other foreign observers whom he quotes. We regret the anonymity of the gentleman who said : " One Englishman is an idiot ; two Englishmen are a football match ; three Englishmen are the British Empire," this seems more profound a view than that of Senor de Madariaga, who considers that where one Englishman is, there also the British Empire is to be found ! If caught in a moment of solitude, with what vigour would not Sir Stafford Cripps, or Sir Walter Layton, repudiate so intolerable an assumption !

There is much admirable material in Herr Stoye's comprehensive accounts of the component parts of the Empire, except that in the cases of Ireland and India he is less than just. One is accustomed to the not unfounded imputations of excessive acquisitiveness, cloaked by moral and philanthropic excuses, which Continental writers have constantly made when discussing the growing territorial wealth of Great Britain overseas, but, from so well-informed and, in the main, so moderate a commentator as Herr Stoye, it is astonishing to find the Amritsar shooting incident cited as a valid example of British methods in India. The circumstances of the case—the grave threat of a general and serious uprising, and the subsequent fate of General Dyer—should all be mentioned in relation to this incident, but no word is to be found on these essential points. Ireland—sometimes alleged to be the " Poland " of the British Empire—offers a problem which also deserves a more rounded and complete study, before judgment is delivered. There is no need to delve into a blood-stained and embittered past, nor to dwell, unduly, upon a vexed present and uncertain future, but if cruelty, treachery and ingratitude are to be openly or indirectly alluded to, it can scarcely be denied that, on this side of St. George's Channel, we could make out a formidable complaint to off-set the too familiar protests and denunciation of Irish Nationalists and their foreign friends.

The final chapter is entitled " Is the British Empire Collapsing". Here the author makes amends for the harsh things he has to say

elsewhere by holding out hopes of survival—even of growth—which many British authorities may regard as sanguine in the extreme. Speaking for his compatriots, Herr Stoye concludes: "We do not see the disintegration of the British Empire before us, and still less do we desire it—in the interests of world peace."

When one considers the situation in which we find ourselves and the conditions prevailing in the world around us, one can only murmur: *"Dieu vous entende."*

Mr. Schiller is the author of an addition to the series "To-day, To-morrow and After," issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul. It can safely be said that the author takes a gloomy view. He reminds us of the inconceivable follies committed by a succession of British Governments since the war; reckless disarmament; clumsy concessions in Ireland, Egypt and India; increasing foreign commitments, and social legislation which has produced a biological debauch, whereby "the feeble minded and the undesirables" supply an increasing share of a falling birth-rate. When, however, we come to that section of Mr. Schiller's book entitled "The Remedies" we receive something of a shock—the bankers are to be our salvation, and "the political unification of the world" is to be brought about "quietly, smoothly and gradually," by financial influence and control.

Condemnations of politicians as a class, even as acrid as those of Mr. Schiller, if made from a public platform would be pretty sure to raise a cheer from any British audience at the present time, but if they were followed, as they are in this case, by a recommendation to put our trust in the bankers, there can be little doubt that the change from applause to execration would be accomplished immediately—accompanied by material damage to the furniture and appointments of the hall, and the person of the speaker. The human being is a quaint animal and capable of a good deal of forbearance, but those to whom Mr. Schiller looks for salvation have "quietly, smoothly and gradually" exercised control over the destinies of Western, and indeed Eastern, man for a considerable space of time with consequences which leave little room for congratulation. Very few Englishmen, fewer Germans, and not many individuals in any country of Europe, desire political unification under the control of international finance, while the recent presidential elections in America seem to show that a similar sentiment prevails in the United States.

Some attention to that rock of strength, that constant, true and inalienable wealth, the character of a people, would achieve more than all Wall Street and Threadneedle Street put together. A recognition of character as the foundation of credit, accompanied by a proper respect for the soil and the inculcation of a sense of the

responsibility and duty incurred, to an increasing degree as property increases, by the owners of wealth, might serve to bring about that change of heart and mind which, alone, can save our country and ourselves from the retribution which awaits all who follow blindly the path of expediency and unrelieved materialism.

DAVID WOODFORD.

EPISODES OF THE GREAT WAR. By JOHN BUCHAN. *Nelson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
THE FIVE YEARS. By JOHN BROPHY. *Arthur Baker.* 15*s.*

THE WORLD WAR lasted four years, and in one form or another embraced almost the whole globe. There is therefore, of course, room for many histories, biographies and memoirs, increased to some extent, and not always necessarily advantageously, by the rivalry of publishers. If one house gets away with a war history, another must do the same. November, 1936, has seen the appearance of two more, close on the heels of Liddel Hart's somewhat journalistic masterpiece. The first, John Buchan's *Episodes of the Great War*, is of high literary merit, the most entrancing and effective highlight on the important and dramatic episodes, written for us as few but John Buchan can write. A short arm-chair book, it has its contents marshalled in three books or rather parts, *The Early War of Manœuvre*, *The Beleaguered Fortress*, *The Great Sallies* and *The Surrender*, the pitiful abject surrender of the humbled Blond Beast. Such a division of the subject gives a very fair picture of the true grouping of the years, the leaguer, the sallies, the surrender; for old folk, and especially for our young folk who would learn in a few words all that their fathers did, no more effective short story has yet been produced. At every school should boy and girl read it, and read it with avidity, for there is in it through Buchan's glorious English, enough to " Touch strong men's hearts with glory till they weep." The tragedy of Sarajevo and the efforts of almost all countries to avoid the war—save perhaps those General Staff who had been drinking to *Der Tag* so heartily in 1913 and 1914, the story of the initial French collapse, the British doggedness, the great revival of Joffre, and the first settling down to trench lines, stand forth clearly, and then the long years of the leaguer, of the Somme and of Loos and of Verdun, in clear outline for all who care to read.

The why and the wherefore of the Dardanelles, the persistence of Ministers in their own strategy, against advice of the more competent, their amateur seeking to find and escape from the leaguer of the West, are clearly expounded. Maude on the Tigris, Dobell and Allenby in Sinai and Palestine, are placed in their right perspective as are the success of the Salonika front, which perhaps placed Lloyd George before Churchill for strategical acumen.

The gradual coming of the inevitable end after the fierce sallies of Ludendorf, are told with especial emphasis while the book is illustrated with admirable photos of leading sailors, soldiers, statesmen and politicians as well as maps.

There is no one, the young who would learn, or the old who would look back, that cannot find in this book, a delightful study of the world's great tragedy, and wonder also, how badly has the lesson thereof been learned.

The competent pen of John Brophy has attempted with considerable success the same task in different vein, with the title *The Five Years*, which the sub-title describes "as a conspectus of the Great War, designed for study of the successors . . . and secondarily to refresh the memories of the participants themselves"—*Bon!* It also is divided into parts, but in this case, parts take the place of chapters, of which there are ten. The first four parts are narrative, Part I being an outline of the War by land and sea, Part II, the air contribution, Part III, the general trend of affairs, politics, and public opinion at home, and Part IV, a summary of the Empire's contribution. This latter together with the remaining six are statistical or biographical, including chronology, glossary of technical terms, British war finance and brief biographies of prominent leaders of all kinds and nations, and a selected and extensive bibliography. It will thus be realized what a valuable synopsis such a work can be, strongly to be recommended to military students and military teachers. But to undertake such a work means giving hostages to accuracy, and for one error recognized there may be many others—on p. 133 appears a statement in which the facile pen has tripped, and tripped rather seriously. For instance, " an Indian division was sent to France in the winter of 1914, but quickly withdrawn." The facts are these, an Indian Army Corps of two divisions, and one cavalry division arrived in France in *September*, 1914, hardly a month later than the Expeditionary Force from Britain. By the end of October this corps was hurried into the line haphazard to hold trenches in which the breaking strain had become too great for British and French defenders. Later a second cavalry division arrived and a cavalry corps was formed. At Neuve Chapelle, the second Ypres, Festubert, and Loos, the Indian division took a prominent part. Since they were only brought to hold the gap while the new army was forming, they were removed to terrains and climes better suited for them, but that was *fourteen months* after arrival. No mention is made of Indian troops being sent at the same time elsewhere than Mesopotamia, but the equivalent of a division went to hold the Canal, ditto to East Africa, a brigade to hold the Turks at Aden, as well as a corps to the Tigris. The writer of so valuable a conspectus should

be a little nearer the mark, also a good deal of the Indian Cavalry stayed some months longer, while among the criticisms it might be remarked, though it does not much matter, that I've never heard of "orders" as being "the daily trial of minor offenders by the commanding officer." It may have been a new Army diction for what in the Army is "orderly-room," again "picquets" are described properly enough as wooden or iron staves and as entanglements, but should be spelt "picket"—while "picquet" in its important meaning as "outpost" is omitted, nor again are "General Staff," the directors of supply (*v.* staff). However these two latter are but trivialities in what is obviously a very valuable book in both intent and content of which chronology and statistics are specially opportune. Neither Brophy's book nor Buchan's have an index, the former stating in his foreword that one is not necessary, though his table of contents is a meagre one. In Buchan's *Episodes*, the table of contents is so full that it does to some extent replace the need.

SIR GEORGE MACMUNN.

FAR EAST IN FERMENT. By GUENTHER STEIN. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
MILITARISM AND FOREIGN POLICY. By E. E. N. CAUSTON. *George Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
TRUE FACE OF JAPAN. By KOMAKICHI NOHARA. *Jarrolds.* 16*s.*
JAPAN'S FEET OF CLAY. By FREDA OTLEY. *Faber & Faber.* 15*s.*

EVERY DAY it becomes more imperative that people in the British Empire should put aside a little time to study Japan. It is not fair on our Foreign Office or on our Governments that it should be left to them blindly to carry out policies in regard to Japan and the Far East, that whether right or wrong may find us sooner rather than later faced with crises just as fraught with danger as are those in Europe. An example that is already causing much discontent in Japan is the Keeling Incident.

It is, therefore, lucky that we have four books recently published that if read together will give an almost complete picture of Japan to-day, and if read separately will still give an interesting picture of what each sets out to depict.

I would first recommend most strongly *Far East in Ferment*, by Guenther Stein (Methuen, 10*s.* 6*d.*). When I was last in Japan, the spokesman of the Japanese Foreign Office made it quite clear to me that the Japanese authorities were most interested in what Mr. Stein said and saw. They respected him, and, I think, they feared him a little. This book, the second that he has written on modern Japan, deals almost entirely with the situation as it is at present, and as it has developed in the last few years. His description of the murders last February and what has happened in the

vital months since then, is really illuminating, unbiased, and gives one a feeling that the author has spared no pains to get his facts. He shows us first the outside difficulties crowding in on Japan, and all the possibilities of a conflagration. And he goes on to compare conditions with Soviet Russia; to follow the Army in its gradual advance in influence; to describe the development of the national spirit, about which all too little is known in this country; and later on to describe the social problems, and the difficulties of the Kwantung Army. His discussion of Japanese finances must also be treated with great respect, for the author was once the representative in London at the Economic Conference of one of the world's most famous newspapers, and to-day he represents a famous economic journal in Japan. It is all the more alarming that his book ends on a pessimistic note, more pessimistic than in his first book published two years ago. But of all the four books I have been reading this one seems to me the most practical, the most interestingly written, and the most unbiased—which to my mind makes it the most valuable for readers of this *Review*, since they are well able to form their own judgments, given the facts as lucidly as Mr. Stein succeeds in doing.

My next choice was *Militarism and Foreign Policy*, by E. E. N. Causton (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 7*s*. 6*d*.). This book is a perfect background for the previous one. It is in the form of an essay written for a Master of Arts degree at Yale University. It gives one a very clear and interesting history of one side of Japanese life—the development of the military influence from the sixteenth century up to the last few years, but stops short of the February murders, where, roughly speaking, Mr. Stein's book commences.

It might be said this book sees the militarist influence too much in everything, but that can be forgiven in an essay that sets out to prove the Army to be the main influence in Japanese foreign policy. Nobody will deny that there is such a great influence, though one may differ as to degrees, but Mr. Causton's book should be read to learn more about the past history of the Japanese Army.

In *The True Face of Japan*, by Komakichi Nohara (Jarrolds, 16*s*.), we have an interesting picture of the background to Japan in the everyday life of its people. We are told that Japan did not stand still during the feudal years of seclusion, but that she went ahead like other countries, and that this makes it absurd to consider her advance from Western standpoints remarkable in the last seventy years. It is an interesting thesis, not altogether proved, but well written and new. The descriptions of Japanese life are amongst the most detailed and best I have ever read. They are obviously written for Germany to read rather than Great Britain, which makes them

all the more interesting to-day. They are written by a Japanese who knows Western minds, and who is a propagandist, and one will feel the book has been misnamed if one goes on to read *Japan's Feet of Clay*, by Freda Otley (Faber & Faber, 15s.). This book is obviously a book of immense labour, and is most interesting. But it is frankly biased, and sets out " to explode the fake notions both of her invincibility and of her real purpose ; to destroy a few of the illusions concerning Japan's power, efficiency and culture." Miss Otley is in many parts of the book only all too correct, in others she may be right, and yet all through the book I find her making statements which I would like, in fairness to the Japanese, to qualify. I am never happy reading a propaganda book, be it from the extreme Right or the extreme Left. Miss Otley is, one feels certain, intensely sincere, but she seems to me as biased against Japan as is the author of *The True Face of Japan* biased in its favour. To read either of these books alone would, to my mind, be a mistake if one's mind about Japan is not yet made up. WILLIAM TEELING.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. By LEO PAGE. *Faber & Faber.* 8s. 6d.

THE THOUGHT that of the persons found guilty of indictable offences no less than eighty-eight per cent. are, according to the latest figures available, so found and dealt with by magistrates is somewhat staggering. The percentage of the less-serious non-indictable offences so disposed of is not published but must be even higher. It is obviously imperative, therefore, that our magistrates should be properly equipped for their responsible and honourable work.

There are many people who would like to see the lay magistracy abolished and replaced by a system of legally qualified stipendiary magistrates and though much of the criticism levelled against the present system is both ill-natured and ill-informed, some of it, unfortunately, is well founded. There is too little knowledge and too much prejudice. Even so things are not so bad as many people would have us believe. There is no substitute for knowledge, but on a bench consisting of several magistrates prejudices are apt to cancel out. Moreover, even stipendiary magistrates have been known to have prejudices and when they are sitting alone there can be no such cancellation. It must be recognized that at present neither the emoluments nor the prestige of the office of stipendiary magistrate in an ordinary provincial town is such as to attract a successful barrister.

In his preface Mr. Page says " This book makes not the slightest claim to learning, or to originality of research. It is founded upon sincerity of purpose and personal experience. And these, perhaps,

are foundations not less firm upon which to build." On these firm foundations he has built with conspicuous literary skill and complete mastership of his subject. It is evident that his knowledge of the powers and duties of magistrates, court practice and procedure and the probation and prison systems is encyclopædic and he presents a judicious selection of this knowledge, interspersed with some sage advice, succinctly and in happy and colloquial phraseology. In covering so wide a field in such small compass one might expect to find a number of minor errors, but not the least valuable feature in *Justice of the Peace* is its accuracy. Mr. Page, however, when dealing with the procedure in a defended case, does omit to say that the defending advocate *must* address the court before his client gives evidence unless other witnesses as to fact are to be called.

There are some 30,000 magistrates in England and it is to these that *Justice of the Peace* is primarily addressed. Mr. Page advocates reform of the present system and not its abolition. He points out where reform is needed and goes further by supplying information, the study and application of which would destroy most of the causes from which the need for reform arises. This excellent book, however, will also be found of intense interest by the countless English men and women to whom the administration of justice is a matter of supreme importance and deep concern. W. A. CHISLETT.

STATECRAFT. (Third and Revised Edition.) By WILLIAM SANDERSON. *Published by the Recorder of the English Mistery, at 4 Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

EVERY ENGLISHMAN should buy this book and have it bound as finely as he can afford. It is published with paper back and the printing and paper are good.

It is not a treatise on the flattery and bribery of the populace, nor a set of Utopian plans. It is *réveillé* to the English people, and must be as unwelcome as *réveillé* to the many who are sleeping and whose brains are swamped with uneliminated poison.

There cannot be many men in England who are fit to read it, for the way of thinking is English and this is the one way in which we are all trained not to think.

We are taught the philosophy of homosexual Greece, the law of republican Rome, the politics of Marx and Laski, the values of America and the Levant, the arts of negroes and worse, and the science of people with a social itch.

In view of our so-called education it is not surprising that an authoritative book on English culture should be published privately while countless books which are designed to undermine that culture run into edition after edition.

A man who reads the book from cover to cover and then counts it among the books he has " read " will be as big a fool as the man who treats Shakespeare's plays or the Bible in that way.

It is a book to be studied. The conclusions in it are easy for a peasant to understand and the language is simple, but they will be beyond the understanding of most educated townsmen and all Cabinet ministers.

What modern legislator could understand that law must reflect custom ?

What Bloomsbury intellectual could appreciate that the duties of men are a better foundation for society than the non-existent Rights of Abstract Man ?

What stockbroker could see the point of saying that money should be a receipt for service ?

Does the reader want a nine-point policy which a greedy mob will vote for ? He will not find it in this book. Does he want a scheme that will save his skin and property ? He will not find it here. He will find the views dictated, not by Mr. Sanderson, but by the accumulated experience of generations of Englishman. He will find the burdens described which every English gentleman should undertake.

This is the only practical book on government that has appeared since Mr. Ludovici's *Defence of Aristocracy*. Mr. Sanderson does not pretend that you can make a nation out of a mob by pouring pasteurized milk down the throats of its young and passing legislation to say that they are all free and equal. He does not pretend that the Home Secretary can turn a cross between an American and Hottentot into an Englishman by calling him one on important looking papers.

He writes what he knows and what we are all taught to deny. The book should be used in the top form of every English public school and every secondary school if masters can be found to expound who are not saturated with the doctrines of degeneracy. It is an introduction to the English tradition of government.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Maitland had one pupil who was able and willing to continue the work of that great scholar and apply the vast store of wisdom which Maitland tapped to the practical problems of to-day. HENRY SNELL.

SACRIFICE TO ATTIS. (A Study of Sex and Civilization.) By WILLIAM A. BREND, M.A., B.Sc., M.D. *William Heinemann*, 1936. Demy 8vo. pp. 350. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THIS BOOK is well written and pre-eminently sane. It bears on every line the stamp of a mature and well-informed mind which has functioned to some purpose ; and we say this without feeling in any

way committed to agreeing with everything that is advanced in its pages. It sets out to discuss a problem of the future, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated. " Are the peoples of Western Europe to continue to be governed by their present moral and social codes and slowly dwindle away, or are they prepared to make changes to ensure the continuance of the race, even though these changes are such as would outrage the moral and religious feelings of a part—perhaps even a large part—of the community ? " In the course of the discussion which is conducted with much erudition and is always enlightening, Dr. Brend, who favours the latter alternative, disposes of many a superstition. He shows that economic pressure can hardly have been a serious factor in the modern restriction of births ; he hints at the loss this restriction means to women—a loss they do not appreciate ; he rightly scoffs at the belief that because the socially successful have the smallest families we are therefore breeding chiefly from the worst ; he seriously questions the reality of a social instinct in modern man, and argues with much cogency that many of the evils we suffer from are the result of excessive and unnecessary social control. He further throws doubt on the existence of a " reproductive instinct " in man—an attitude which seems wholly justified if we do not allow that the term is merely a euphemism for the " pairing instinct " ; and he demonstrates with great plausibility that the existing sex morality is really only the creation of neurotics who find their best adaptation under its sway, and that for the rest of mankind to suffer its restrictions is harassing, sterilizing and in the end maddening. There is a good deal to be said for much that Dr. Brend maintains ; but he would have made his thesis much more compelling had he displayed a more judicial tone towards Soviet Russia and her reforms, less partiality to a school of physchiatrists who, headed by Freud, are inclined to stake too much on the psychogenic origin of degenerate states, and had he attempted a more detailed outline of the kind of life young and even middle-aged people would live in the state of society he envisages, with many of the present barriers and prohibitions broken down. But his book should be widely read ; for there are few works on the question of sex and civilization which are more enlightened, thoughtful and stimulating.

ANTHONY LUDOVICI.

SOCIAL ORIGINS. By EVA ROSS. *Sheed & Ward*, 1936. Crn. 8vo. pp. 104 3*s*. 6*d*.

THIS IS an attempt to trace the origin of four human institutions —the family, private property, the state and religion. It is a tract rather than a scientific treatise. But even as a tract it contains much good sense. The eloquent authoress will not hear of primitive man

being less intelligent than modern civilized man ; she shrewdly associates mythology with an early phase of science, she rejects the idea that fetishism, magic, animism and totemism are anterior to religious belief and a preparation for it. She does not, however, attempt to face the difficulty presented by the fact that science and religion are, so to speak, always treading on each other's heels, the one constantly encroaching on the other's territory and forcing it to dig in on a new position. Nor does she appear to have appreciated, in the course of her anthropological studies, that the hardening of proprietary rights and their narrow application to the exclusion of communal rights of ownership are phases of decadent rather than of primitive or flourishing societies. But she has written a readable pamphlet and her reasoning, if not always sound, is never obscure.

ANTHONY LUDOVICI.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGES, 1841-1846. By E. JONES PARRY. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

THIS VOLUME forms the first of a series of studies in international history and relations which is appearing under the auspices of the London School of Economics and the general editorship of Professors C. K. Webster and C. A. W. Manning. It is definitely a work for specialists and other particular students of the period, and in producing it Dr. Jones Parry has given evidence of remarkable industry, both in his research and the exposition of a number of complex diplomatic negotiations.

The episode of the *Spanish Marriages* is an important incident in the history of Europe, for it broke up the Anglo-French *Entente* and hastened the downfall of Louis Philippe and his Government. There has been too great a tendency in the past to accept the distorted and scandal-mongering accounts of the principal actors themselves in the drama as well as those of other sensational writers, who have told their stories entirely in the light of the crisis of 1846. Dr. Jones Parry has described in exhaustive detail the events leading up to the crisis, during the preceding five years, as well as the marriages themselves and their aftermath ; and in his task he has had free access to the private correspondence of Peel, Aberdeen and Guizot, and also the Windsor Archives, and the Archives of the French Foreign Office. To the ordinary reader the book must appear overloaded with documents and documentary references, which perhaps are inclined to obscure the human elements and relationships in the story.

Professor Webster in his foreword states that Dr. Jones Parry has not been afraid to be frank. But I find, on referring to page 306, a clearly bowdlerized quotation from a letter of the French Envoy in Madrid on the subject of the virility of the future Consort of the Spanish

Queen. A footnote informs me that " far coarser language is used in the original." The author mars his story by such reticences as this. H. MONTGOMERY HYDE.

THE HOUSE OF LONGMAN, 1724-1800. By CHARLES JAMES LONGMAN, edited by JOHN E. CHANDLER. *Longmans, Green.* 30*s.*

SPEAKING a few years ago at the Bicentenary Celebrations of this well-known publishing firm, Sir Rider Haggard said : " I have an enormous respect for anything which, like the House of Longman, has endured for two whole centuries. It reminds me of the British Constitution." The House of Longman certainly possesses a wonderful record in the trade, and it has made many sacrifices, particularly in its earlier period which is covered by this book, to present the world with some fine literature, but nevertheless works for which the financial return has been relatively poor. Amongst the books which appeared under their imprint in the eighteenth century, it is interesting to note, were Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Lily's *Latin Grammar*, Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*, Chambers's *Cyclopedia*, the first English translation of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, and the early verses of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey.

When the late C. J. Longman retired in 1928 he decided to spend his leisure in preparing a list of books which bore the name of the firm from its foundation in 1724 to the end of the eighteenth century. When he died in 1934 his notes for the bibliography were found to be complete, and these have been edited by Mr. J. E. Chandler, who has had a long association with the house, and has added a chapter in its history in the same period. Both writers have done their work with painstaking accuracy. The result is a book which is not only a worthy tribute to a great business house, but also an invaluable authority in English publishing and indispensable for students of the trade in the eighteenth century. H. MONTGOMERY HYDE.

THE COAL PROBLEM. By J. P. DICKIE. *Methuen.* 5*s.*

OF ALL British industries none is more discussed by the general public and perhaps none is less understood than the coal industry. The author of this book rightly complains that it is hard to obtain information upon the industry as a whole and this book is an attempt to provide a survey for the general public. Generalization, especially upon such a vast and complex business, is dangerous, but on the whole *The Coal Problem* is an accurate and impartial statement of the facts and situation which faces the industry in 1936.

The best part of the book is the historical survey leading up to the General Strike of 1926 and the Coal Mines Act of 1930. Since this date the coal industry has been in a continual state of transition

from the small to the large unit and from free to controlled trading. Mr. Dickie rightly and fairly condemns the action of the Government in attempting to introduce the Amalgamations Bill last May, which was designed to give powers of compulsory amalgamation to a commission external to the industry. "The surprising feature," he says, "was that it should have been introduced by a National Government pledged to oppose Socialism."

It is a pity the author gives no real account of the working of new "central selling" and "coal control" schemes, the vast systems of price and tonnage control which have come into being in 1936. While these schemes elevate the price of coal, Mr. Dickie does not seem to foresee the possibility of consumers again raising the cry of monopolies.

The question of royalties and various other aspects of this important industry are fully discussed, making the book the most comprehensive which has appeared in recent years. PETER BRASSEY

KING CHARLES I. By PANSY PAKENHAM. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*
HONEST GEORGE MONCK. By J. D. GRIFFITH DAVIES. *John Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
POSTMAN'S HORN. By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A good short biography of Charles I, incorporating the results of modern research, was much wanted, and this book admirably meets the need. The author allows her learning to sit lightly on her, but it is obvious on every page that she is fully acquainted both with her period and with her subject.

Lady Pansy is under no illusions that the opposition to the King was that of vested interests determined to control the nation for their own selfish ends. They did not hesitate to make use of the Almighty with telling effect, and, as the author observes, "the Word of the Lord had shown the dependable quality of a penny-in-the-slot machine." At the same time she is no extravagant partisan. and when the fair-minded reader puts this book down he will have been convinced in his head as well as in his heart that the King was right. This volume is a notable addition to the "Great Lives" series.

Honest George Monck is in many ways the complement of Lady Pansy's work, for it shows very clearly the type of man whom the subjects of Charles I were ready to follow. Mr. Griffith Davies is a public benefactor for telling the modern Englishman of his debt to this blunt Devonshire soldier. Had it not been for Monck's determination to abide by the verdict of a free Parliament, the monarchy might well have owed its restoration to the sword: had that happened it would either, as in Spain, have been at the mercy of the military, or the King would have been compelled, as in Greece, to

dismiss within a few days of his return the man who made that return possible. Monck's patriotic and unselfish behaviour during the first six months of 1660 has an important influence on the subsequent history of his country.

The author describes the earlier career of the man who found himself called upon to take such momentous decisions. A professional soldier above all else, Monck disliked politics and politicians, and the "godly men" who kept on stirring up trouble in the Commonwealth army were the bane of his existence. Yet he was devoted to his soldiers, and the skill with which he carried out their demobilization after the Restoration was a masterpiece of efficiency. The account of his Irish campaigns and of his administration of Scotland is admirably done, and will add much to the knowledge even of those who are well acquainted with the period. There are also many side-lights on life and manners in the seventeenth century.

So much for the rulers; Mr. Bryant's admirable collection of letters shows us the everyday life of the ruled, and, *mutatis mutandis*, it was very much like our own. There is, for example, a familiar ring in the promise of the Oxford undergraduate to retrench his expenses "for the future, but desire you not to judge of my studies by them, for a man cannot study as he ought to do all day without some refreshment in the evening: 'tis that which makes him return fresh to them which otherwise cloy him." Even in good King Charles's golden reign we find a young lady turning up at her home in the country with a strange man at midnight, and saying "she had never been in bed since she went away till four in the morning, and danced some nights till seven in the morning." A model of its kind is Rochester's reply to a sister who had written to censure his behaviour with such sentiments as, "and the worst of all is I hear there is a handsome young lady (to both your shames) with child by you." The answer must be read in full to be appreciated.

Mr. Bryant rightly says that "the only way a man can comprehend the modes of thought and behaviour of a vanished society is by making himself familiar with its everyday correspondence." In this volume he shows us the late seventeenth century at work and play, in sickness and in health, and there can be no higher praise of the book than to say that it is worthy of Mr. Bryant.

CHARLES PETRIE.

THE HISTORY OF HUNTING. By PATRICK CHALMERS. *The Lonsdale Library*, Vol. xxiii. 21*s*.

HUNTING ENGLAND. By SIR W. BEACH THOMAS. *Batsford*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

THE ART of venery is as old as history, and to explain why it is that the twentieth-century man has inherited his ancestor's instincts

if not his skill, would require a history of man himself. Mr. Chalmers has, therefore, wisely confined himself to certain aspects of the history of hunting. The whole time he is working up to his climax at Melton Mowbray and one guesses that the zenith is reached at the latter end of last century. Fox hunting was mostly introduced into England in the eighteenth century, and therefore Mr. Chalmer's chapters on early and mediæval venery, although they take up much of the bulk of the book, in reality serve only as an introduction. Of the early forerunners of the famous packs of foxhounds there must be placed first the Old Charlton Hunt, founded in 1675 by the Duke of Monmouth. This hunt and others following it initiated the ever-widening appeal of fox hunting. To-day we have Melton Mowbray, Market Harborough and other places of fame which constitute the mecca of the hunting man. We are regaled with reproductions of well-known hunting pictures both in colour and in black and white, and if the standard of these is set by Grant's famous Melton Breakfast it is well maintained by that which follows.

Messrs. Batsford's *Hunting England* is also copiously illustrated with photographs and reproductions. The author takes us for a tour of nearly every present-day pack of hounds. If he has an eye for the country of 'high Leicestershire' he doesn't ignore some of the more obscure packs of foxhounds which constantly show good sport. Sir W. Beach Thomas has the enviable knack of accurate description of a country while avoiding comparison with others. P. E. B.

DEVIL'S DYKE WITH COMPLIMENT AND SATIRE. By CHRISTOPHER HASSALL. *Heinemann.* 5*s.*

IN THESE sophisticated days it would seem well nigh impossible to recapture the innocence and sublimity of Blake and that virginity and intensity of belief which make the ancient mystery or morality so convincing.

Yet in his epic interlude Mr. Hassall has succeeded in re-telling the well-known legend of the *Devil's Dyke* in simple yet firm and broad-sweeping outlines, interfusing it throughout with the steady glow of a rich and deep feeling for nature which is so essentially modern. To reverse the phrase of André Chénier, he has succeeded in the double and difficult task of *faire sur des pensers antiques des vers nouveaux.*

In the midst of this stony and pseudo-realistic age we have here a fine example of what Stephen Spender has called "the flowering of the spirit." Only an intense belief and an unfailing vision have rendered this *tour de force* possible.

The protagonist of the piece is a simple Sussex shepherd who represents Everyman. The other *dramatis personæ* are the Spirit of

the Neighbourhood representing the bond between God and Man, the Good of Chalk—a queer title—representing Nature Naturans, or the progressive thinkers of an age, and the Walnut Tree, the suburban-minded majority (Mr. Hassall is not afraid of modern terms) with Satan who plays the conventional part of the Spirit of Evil.

Too often when some great historic or legendary being is brought on the stage we are profoundly disillusioned. Alexander the Great has little more stature than his name-sake Alexander the Coppersmith, and many a supernatural figure is a mere *deus ex machina* who does his job and disappears. But Mr. Hassall's Satan has Miltonic qualities.

The imagery of the poem is extraordinarily fine and fresh. Here are a few instances culled from the first three or four pages of the poem—not purple patches, but samples of the whole fabric. The Spirit of the Neighbourhood (the Genius loci ?) says :

> . . . . I swim along the stars
> To catch their bright perfection.
>
> In all the quietness of earth and sea
> Moon-wandered bays and lakes sun-populous,
> Pools buried in the stomach of a cave,
> Nourished by sweating rocks.
> Old trees
> Their rooty fingers knuckling through the grass.
> The ivy's mountaineering leaf
> Heals the rude wounds of Time and binds the limbs
> Of conquered battlements.

Multiply these several hundred times and you will get some idea of Mr. Hassall's inexhaustible cornucopia. To quote Corinna's criticism of Pindar, he sows from the sack with a vengeance.

With the entrance of the Walnut Trees the level descends to prose and satire. The scene is a strange but successful medley of humour and irony at the expense of these creatures of convention. In the next tableau Satan appears gazing on

> the ribbon of white
> Cliffs which forbid the sea, around whose top
> The seamews weave their indolent curves, like chips
> Off-chiselled by the wind. (Indolent! You can almost feel
> them planing down!)

After a magnificent soliloquy and a grim scene describing the devastating effect of his passage over the countryside, Satan beards the Shepherd in his hut, there to meet with his inevitable defeat.

This is followed by a pæan of triumph in which the whole countryside joins in and ends with an apocalyptic vision, while the poem closes with an epilogue—an invocation to the Son of Man that reminds one in some ways of the finale of Masefield's *Widow of Bye-Street.*

Of the occasional poems space only allows us to single out for special notice a vigorous and amusing satire *On a Contemporary Poet,* of the long-haired "non-stop" variety in the best style of the Dunciad brought up to date, and a grim and powerful Ode to Dejection which ends with the lines:

> Physician-finger'd Time shall make amends,
> And draw the painful stitches through my heart.

That ending is symbolic of all the poems. Mr. Hassall is "a good finisher."

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

CONVERSATION PIECES. A Survey of English Domestic Portraits and their Painters. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. With Notes on the illustrations by MICHAEL SEVIER. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES a Conversation Piece is a question which seems to have caused Mr. Sitwell no little anxiety. Primarily, we are told, the true ideal of a Conversation Piece is portraiture in natural and intimate surroundings. On the other hand, sporting, satirical, theatrical or sentimental elements are not permitted, and while we are thus the losers of Hogarth's Rake's Progress, we are at least spared Martineau's *Last Day in the Old Home.* Mr. Sitwell has, however, when occasion demands it, discreetly included examples which, even according to his own canons, are not strictly Conversation Pieces.

The Conversation Piece in England was essentially a product of the eighteenth century. It is not therefore surprising that more than three quarters of Mr. Sitwell's book should be devoted to the artists of that century. In an age when the art of living beautifully was at its zenith; when virtually the sole means for a rich and aristocratic class to display its wealth was to possess a fine house, dignified and distinguished both without and within; and when the stability of the social order gave to the possessors of its privileges every incentive to hand down those privileges intact to their posterity together with the prepetuation of their own likenesses in their own pleasant surroundings, the painters of the Conversation Piece must have found both inspiration—and doubtless of even greater importance to them—a ready market for their pictures. It was in conditions such as these that Hogarth, Zoffany and the many other

painters of the Conversation Piece mentioned in this book lived and worked.

Mr. Sitwell gives to William Hogarth the honour of being the master of the school. Hogarth, he says, "invented the genre, formulated the principles and left unsurpassed examples." The scene from *The Indian Emperor* and the portrait group of the Cholmondeley Family as well as being the earliest examples in date of the true Conversation Piece in England (both were painted about 1730, three years before Zoffany was born) are magnificent works of art. But Hogarth, as Mr. Sitwell points out, soon departed from the straight and narrow path of the Conversation Piece. His sense of the theatre and his interest in the underworld of his day led him to explore and conquer other worlds, and the way was thus left open to others. Hogarth is represented in Mr. Sitwell's book by only thirteen illustrations: Zoffany by twenty-four.

John Zoffany, a German Jew who did not come to England until he was 27, is in many ways the ideal painter of the Conversation Piece. A man of many talents and well equipped for his task, Zoffany lacked only one quality—genius. Yet not withstanding this and the quantity of his output he succeeded in maintaining during the fifty years he worked in England a remarkably high standard of painting.

Much of the interest of this book lies in Mr. Sitwell's discussion and the illustrations he has chosen of the lesser known painters of the Conversation Piece. Of these Arthur Devis, George Stubbs (better known as the great painter of the horse), Gawen Hamilton, Marcellus Laroon, Joseph Highmore, Francis Hayman, Thomas Patch and John Singleton Copley deserve special mention. For Copley Mr. Sitwell expresses an especially warm admiration which Copley's merits as an artist hardly seem to justify.

From the year 1820 onwards, Mr. Sitwell has done his utmost against the almost overwhelming odds of mediocre material. The names Leslie, Oackley, Partridge, Winterhalter, du Maurier and Augustus Leopold Egg hardly inspire confidence and give an indication of Mr. Sitwell's difficulties. The end comes with the close of the last century.

This book to which considerable research must have been devoted is not only instructive but often extremely entertaining. The illustrations, which are for the most part excellently reproduced, number 130 and are catalogued separately by Mr. Michael Sevier in an Appendix. The production of the book is up to Batsford's highest standards.

JOHN WITT.

MUSIC OBSERVED. By A. H. FOX-STRANGWAYS. *Methuen.* 6*s.*
LISZT. By RALPH HILL. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

MR. FOX-STRANGWAYS is best known as the founder and editor of *Music and Letters* and the musical editor of the *Observer* and during his many years of musical journalism he has produced over a thousand articles. Mr. Steuart Wilson, a friend and collaborator in many excellent translations into English of German songs, has decided that some of these are of more than ephemeral interest and has selected three score or so for publication in this volume with the punning title.

Although Mr. Fox-Strangways has written many academic essays and technical articles none of these are to be found in *Music Observed* for Mr. Wilson has his eye on the thousands of people who are genuinely interested in music but have little or no technical knowledge rather than the trained musician. As might be anticipated, therefore, this is a curate's egg of a book. There are a number of thumb-nail biographies and appreciations of composers most of which are interesting because the author has approached his subjects from unusual angles. There are also a few essays on technique of which *Tempo* and *Tempo Rubato* are laughably simple expositions of difficult and abstruse subjects. Most entertaining, however, are a few musings on odd subjects such as *Singing and Whistling*, *The Speaking Voice* and *The Chocolate Mind*, in which the revelation of the enquiring nature of the author's mind and his freshness of style are equally attractive.

I hope I shall not be considered frivolous or facetious if I suggest that the best essay in the whole collection is one four lines in length entitled *Donald Tovey's "Analysis."* May it inspire many to read Sir Donald's "Analysis" for themselves! The essay reads "What a book it is! It is doubtful if there is any other man in Europe who could use precise words about intangible tones so economically and truthfully, and pass such searching judgments by what he leaves unsaid."

The second book is in a very different category. *Liszt* is the seventy-seventh volume in Duckworths' "Great Lives" series and what a difficult task Mr. Ralph Hill has undertaken in trying to compress even the bare facts of the life of such a man into less than 150 small pages. Liszt was one of the most astonishing virtuosi the world has ever known; he was the composer of some remarkably fine and some incredibly vulgar music; he was the "inventor" of the symphonic poem; he was a lover of most eclectic tastes and later in life received four of the seven degrees of priesthood and was invested with an abbé's frock; he was a revered teacher; and he was the father-in-law and staunch champion of Richard Wagner.

Mr. Hill has, very properly, made no attempt to appraise the music though he is well qualified to do so. He has devoted himself to the man and such of the facts of his life as space permits. The book is written in a somewhat florid style well suited to its hero.

W. A. CHISLETT.

HONORIA LAWRENCE. (A Fragment of Indian History.) By MAUDE DIVER. *John Murray.*

MANY interesting books of India lives and reminiscences have lately appeared but it is safe to say that *Honoria Lawrence* is one of the most attractive books of its kind that have ever issued from the House of Murray. Maud Diver has many fascinating books of India to her credit, and *The Judgment of the Sword*, is probably quite the best story of the First Afghan War and its heroes that has been written.

Honoria Lawrence is of different kidney, a book of gentle charm, and sweet devotion, that cannot be excelled. Honoria Lawrence, *née* Marshall, as all the world used to know, was the wife of Henry Lawrence, the best known and best beloved of all the band of heroes who rebuilt the broken Punjab, after the years of horror that ensued on the death of Runjhit Singh. It is a story full of sidelights on the India that preceded the Mutiny, extracts from interesting or very human letters, sidelights on the courts of Oudh and Nepal and their tragedies, stories of zeal and duty and public sacrifice, and her own sweet influence that shone around. It is the story of a simple soul and simple life shown in an inimitable manner by the skill and charm of the way that the story is told. There is nothing much to add to the known story of the eventful years of Lord Ellenborough and Lord Hardinge's viceroyalties, but there is something to learn of the light and influence that the best of our countrywomen were able to diffuse on those round them, in lives of great endeavour for the men, and want of comfort and necessaries for themselves, which would have sent many women of to-day post haste back to the West.

But the book is not all of the softer things. There is an admirable story of the terrible doings at Multan which incubated the Second Sikh War. Maude Diver here rather blots her copybook like the modern journalist by imputing sinister motives to honourable officials, when at worst an error of judgment could be laid at their door. The book holds you till the sad day of Honoria's wasting away and her lone Henry fights the battle that is to end with the bursting shell in his room in the Lucknow Residency, the second day of the siege. It is a story that should make many an armchair this winter a seat of both enthusiasm and affection.

SIR GEORGE MACMUNN.

THE KING'S CROWNING. By Rev. R. H. MURRAY, LITT. D. *John Murray.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

IT WAS in the year 450 that the coronation of the Emperor Marcian by the patriarch of Constantinopole began the history of a rite which has become one of the most majestic pageants of Christendom, and it is only proper that the approach of another coronation in England should be accompanied by books describing past ceremonies and explaining present ritual. Dr. Murray is evidently a man of much varied learning, and his book is full of recondite and miscellaneous knowledge. Unfortunately this knowledge is not well presented. To the layman, the discursiveness of Dr. Murray's style, his flighty treatment of the lapse of centuries and a certain unintelligibility of expression make it difficult to follow his narrative; while an expert is disturbed by the manifest evidence of careless proof-reading. It is obvious from his list of coronations that the author is well aware that King Richard II did not marry Anne of Bohemia until 1382, five years after his coronation. This makes it all the more provoking to read (on page 66): "On July 16, 1377, the vigil of St. Kenelm, the coronation itself began. The King wore his shirt and tunic, which had slits at the five places for anointing. Over these he wore a Parliament robe, and, followed by Queen Anne, he sat in Westminster Hall in the company of his prelates and peers." Nor can Dr. Murray seriously believe that " the leopards of our royal arms originated from their lowly position as guardians of the coronation chair " when the coronation chair was made at the orders of Edward I over a century after the first appearance of the royal arms The length of the bibliography is a tribute to Dr. Murray's industry and wide interests ; it is a pity that what might have been a very useful little book is marred by such obvious errors.

MICHAEL MACLAGAN.

SALAVIN. By GEORGES DUHAMEL. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
THE TRAMP. By DAL STEVENS. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
WINDLESS SKY. By FRITZ FAULKNER. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE CROQUET PLAYER. By H. G. WELLS. *Chatto & Windus.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
ALCIBIADES. By VINCENZ BRUN. *Putnam.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE AUTHOR of *Salavin*, which is four full-length novels rolled into one, has, and I hope enjoys, enormous success in France. These four books—*Confession at Midnight, Salavin's Journal, The Lyonnais Club, End of Illusion*—traces the various lives or aspects of the life of a pleasantly social, somewhat mystically inclined underdog, who is gravely inhibited, though sometimes intuitively stimulated by his neurotic temperament. In the first book Salavin relates his youth and passages of his office life in a first person, heightened self-

conscious style which, though gentler, is somewhat reminiscent of Céline's; and gives a full account of his neurotic symptoms. *Salavin's Journal* is an account in diary form of Salavin's attempts to attain etnical perfection, and the innumerable little martyrdoms which he forces himself to endure—especially his " struggle " for chastity. *The Lyonnais Club* is mainly political. Salavin, having recovered from the illness which ended the Journal, gets in with Communists, whom M. Duhamel portrays with a great deal of skill, but also a little prejudice. Salavin's criticism of them is the familiar one that they are too self-contented ! They are all arrested, including Salavin, and the shock kills his mother, who certainly can't have been very tough. Salavin takes it all as a bad omen and clears out of Europe to go on trying to benefit individuals elsewhere by the individual use of his personality. The scene of the last book is Tunis, where Salavin does good work in a native hospital. A young Arab boy shoots him in the leg. It is far too long and interesting a book to be dealt with satisfactorily in a short review, and touches on, without over clumsily dragging in, many of " all those " urgent contemporary problems. Salavin is a most revealing portrait of the type of neurotic, whose social motivations are seriously limited by vanity, which abounds among the intellectuals.

In *The Croquet Player*, Mr. Wells returns to his gigantic self-imposed task of telling everybody what they knew already. As it falls open now in front of me I see: " Only giants can save the world from complete relapse." Yes, Mr. Wells is more obsessed by his personal view of history than ever. Get out your " modernistic " lifeboat, Mr. Giant, and save somebody. The story, or rather parable, however, is very neatly and excitingly told by *The Croquet Player*—i.e. the detached spectator of our times. He meets a stranger in a fuss about the haunted marsh and how he had to put himself in the hands of a nerve specialist. Next day he meets the nerve specialist, who is also in a fuss. The cause of all the haunting is, of course, none other than the primitive man, the beast, who lurks within us all and who threatens to destroy the show. Mr. Wells has discovered the unconscious. As a story it is exciting and very easy to read. As a contribution towards a cure of " human frailty " it is not very much more use than a novel by Sapper.

Windless Sky is a good first novel about the middle-western countryside of America sixty years ago. The story is dominated by a " dark " family—very convincingly put over—the Headman, who smoke with greed, hatred and fanaticism. The writing, especially the detailed descriptions of landscapes, is very sensitive, very careful.

Ernest Hemingway and all the rough stuff writing that followed his admirably skilful footsteps have made it very difficult to assess

the merit and originality of other rough stuff writing. Mr. Stevens, a young Australian, writes in the " stark " (oh Lor !) rough stuff style, but there is no doubt that he writes very well indeed. And he has the advantage of first-hand knowledge of his setting in which life really is tough. I very soon stopped worrying about the extent to which his style was his own and gave myself up to the interest and excitement of his stories. These are about tramps, boxers, lorry drivers, a young man in a muddle, &c. ; and their objectivity is skilfully mixed with psychological insight.

Mr. Brun made a hideously windy job of *Alcibiades* in his first instalment—" Alcibiades Beloved of Gods and Men." This new work is a good deal better—a straightforward piece of biographical fiction, embellished with quite satisfactory dialogue and plenty of rather Wardour Street sex.

MAURICE L. RICHARDSON.

THOUGHT AND IMAGINATION IN ART AND LIFE. By KATHARINE M. WILSON. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE COLLECTION of essays which takes shelter under this ambitious title shows confusion of thought. We find ourselves asking, "What, in these essays, are we talking about ? " It is impossible to see the wood for a number of trees with august names ; Beauty, Truth, Soul, Imagination, Moral Sense ; the whole panoply of emotive language is used indiscriminately. That " paralysing apparition Beauty, the ineffable, ultimate, unanalysable, simple idea," together with " a flock of equally bogus entities," as Mr. I. A. Richards calls them, are here, trailing clouds of glory and completely obscuring any clear thought or conclusion.

Miss Wilson has an intuition that morals have something to do with art, but how far away she is from an understanding of their relationship may be seen in the following statements. " . . . all artistic expression, in so far as it is Imaginative, approximates to religion." " One who would read Wordsworth's ode on ' An Evening of Magnificent Splendour,' while the real sun set in splendour could not be very poetical." " We do not usually read novels to deepen our imaginative consciousness, or to set the spirit on a pinnacle, but for a rest, to get away from ourselves . . . "

Here is clear evidence that we should overhaul our vocabulary before setting out to discover this world of Thought, Imagination, Art, Life ; the critical explorer comes to grief if his equipment is neither practical nor scientific. Those who contemplate such journeys would do well to read first the directions of people who have already travelled and discovered.

E. WARINGTON SMYTH.

THE ENGLISH THEATRE. A short history. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. *Nelson.* 6*s.*

PEOPLE OFTEN wonder if the cinema will kill the theatre. Many defiantly hope not: but whenever they have chosen to go expensively to a play instead of cheaply to a film, they suffer a twinge of doubt. Compared with a film, a play is such a limited, hole-and-corner, make-believe affair. It is so unconvincing. You can believe that a ship is being wrecked on the screen, because you can see it: but no amount of banging about and tipping the floor and winding of wind-machines will make you believe it on the stage. At the business of producing that kind of factual illusion, the cinema has already beaten the theatre into a cocked hat.

If that were all, why then should the theatre still survive? Why should a dozen new theatres have been built in London during the last ten years? Why should little theatres be springing up and flourishing all over America, the home of the films?

The answer suggested by Professor Nicoll is that the theatre is not dying but has simply come to the end of what he calls an evolutionary cycle; that it has now been relieved by the films of the necessity to produce factual illusion; that it will not be killed by the cinema, but released for new purposes.

His admirably concise survey of the changing modes and methods of theatrical presentation in England from the Middle Ages to the present day makes it clear that the main tendency has always been towards greater realism. Every advance in theatrical architecture, machinery or lighting, every advance in the arts of acting, playwriting or scenic design, has been in the direction of a more complete factual illusion of ordinary life. That line of development reached its culmination early in the present century. The future of the theatre lies elsewhere: perhaps, as the recent remarkable success of Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* and the growing popularity of the ballet seem to suggest, in poetry and symbolism. Anyway, Professor Nicoll is confident that it has a future; and his latest book, though intended primarily for those who are studying its past, is indispensable also to those who are concerned for the future of British drama.

WYNYRD BROWNE.

THE LAST THIRTY YEARS IN PUBLIC HEALTH. By SIR ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, K.C.B., M.D., F.R.C.P. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

THE AUTHOR was Principal Medical Officer to the Local Government Board from 1908 to 1919. The book is largely biographical but contains a good review of the "hot-house" legislation which preceded the creation of the Ministry of Health. The author gives the impression of being a Liberal with yearnings after Socialism. Indeed,

it is doubtful whether a man of any other views would have been appointed to the powerful position he held.

"The public," he writes, "have thus provided cleanliness, health, comfort, education and sobriety for themselves."

Yet his book shows the strenuous efforts of the bureau to provide these things for the public in their default. No careful observer could maintain that the public is either healthy or educated, and comfort and sobriety are ideals of questionable value.

HENRY SNELL.

SHORTER NOTICES

PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN VICTORIAN. By R. H. MOTTRAM. *Robert Hale*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

AN INTERESTING and convincing reconstruction of Victorian life. Gratifyingly reminiscent to those who lived through the latter part of the period, and historically and sociologically of interest to the increasing generation of post-Victorians.

MUCH OF LIFE IS LAUGHTER. By HAROLD GORST. *Allen & Unwin*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

THE SORT of anecdotal autobiography which seems to be becoming increasingly popular. It has its limitations, but is easy reading with amusing stories about the Great.

J. T. GREIN. By MICHAEL ORME. *John Murray*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

THIS BIOGRAPHY is not in the first class. It is rather too factual and not sufficiently interpretative, which is curious in a biography written by a wife. Nevertheless its account of one, to whom the Theatre became almost the whole of life, should attract interest from lovers of the Stage.

SOUTH TO SAMARKAND. By ETHEL MANNIN. *Jarrolds*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

MISS MANNIN made her journey to Russia to discover the New Commonwealth. It was not as clean as she expected, and she wisely decided that she prefers cleanliness to Left-Wing progress. A decision to be applauded.

CRAZY CAMPAIGN. By MORTIMER DURAND. *Routledge*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

AS THE title indicates, this is a personal approach to the events of the Italo-Abyssinian War. The campaign was not at all crazy as executed by the Italians; it was in fact most efficient and workmanlike. Mr. Durand, who was correspondent for a newspaper, must bear his share of responsibility with other newspaper correspondents for not seeing at an earlier stage the technical efficiency with which it was being driven to its inevitable conclusion. But Mr. Durand is more concerned with the things that happened to him personally, and of these he has made a good racy story.

MATABELE THOMPSON. By NANCY ROUILLARDE. *Faber & Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THIS IS the autobiography, left unfinished, of one of the old South African pioneers. It has now been edited by his daughter and is mainly composed of an exciting account of the adventurous fifteen months spent by him in Bulawayo attempting to gain a mining concession from King Lobengula.

TIBETAN JOURNEY. By ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEAL. *The Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

MADAME DAVID-NEAL has the advantage of being herself a practising Buddhist and a Lady Llama. Her account of her travels therefore is more interesting and authoritative because she writes of things and people she knows, and not as a journalist and tripper.

THREE DESERTS. By C. S. JARVIS. *John Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THIS BOOK by the late Governor of Sinai is an interesting account of parts of the Near East. Major Jarvis has a long experience of administration among the Arabs and has obtained a rare understanding of them which he communicates in this book.

FORTY CENTURIES LOOK DOWN. By F. BRITTEN-AUSTIN. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. BRITTEN-AUSTIN continues his highly successful reconstruction of the great Bonaparte adventure seen through the eyes of its main actor. The main theme of this is the Egyptian Expedition. Mr Britten-Austin is to be congratulated on writing with popular interest without sacrificing the main accuracy of the story.

ALONG THE ROAD. By ARTHUR HODGES. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

AN AGREEABLE novel about New York life. After the usual recipe of toughness and slang which make the ingredients of so many novels about American life, it is pleasant to be reminded that life there is not so unlike London after all.

Correspondence

To the Editor, *English Review.*

SIR—I have read with great interest the article on "The New Germany" by Mr. Randolph Hughes, which is more conspicuous for what it omits than for what it tells us. I am not going to enter into any reasoned dissection of it for it is too obvious that it is merely a piece of propaganda.

One might express one's surprise when Mr. Hughes declares a man better off in Germany than in America. An Englishman who settles in America and then wants to return to England will have no difficulty in doing so and taking his money with him. Mr. Hughes may not know that an Englishman who settles in Germany and wishes to return to this country can only do so if he leaves his money behind. It is probably of very little importance to Mr. Hughes but it throws some light on the much vaunted economic position of Germany.

Nothing whatever betrays Mr. Hughes's attitude so much than the manner in which he slurs over Germany's treatment of its Jewish citizens. To support his reasoning he quotes firstly a book written by a notorious anti-Semite and published by a firm famous for its anti-Semitic productions ; secondly some remarks made by Voltaire whom I do not regard as an authority on present-day Judaism, and thirdly he descends to the very nadir of bathos by telling Englishmen that they are the last persons to throw stones against Germany as they themselves expelled the Jews in the thirteenth century. On Mr. Hughes's own admission, therefore, the mentality of twentieth century Germany is on a par with the thirteenth century.

Further comment is useless.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
SIDNEY SALOMON.

2 Pump Court, Temple, E.C.4.

To the Editor, *English Review.*

SIR—In the current number of the *English Review* Rusticus refers in the " Agricultural Notes " to the unpopularity of white animals among cattle. I have always understood that the reason for this is twofold. First as regards females, white heifers may suffer from " white heifer disease," and second that before the introduction of weighbridges to the majority of marts, it was more difficult to appraise " off-hand " the weight of a white heart than of one of another colour : thus the dealers and butchers got " caught " more

often over white animals than others, and hence their distrust of them, a distrust which has spread throughout the ranks of breeders. I should like to know whether the beliefs I have stated are widespread or if they are, perhaps, confined to the part of the country that I know.

Yours faithfully,

RUTZEN.

St. James's Street, London.